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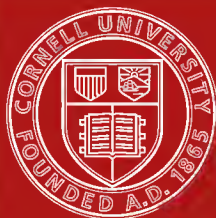
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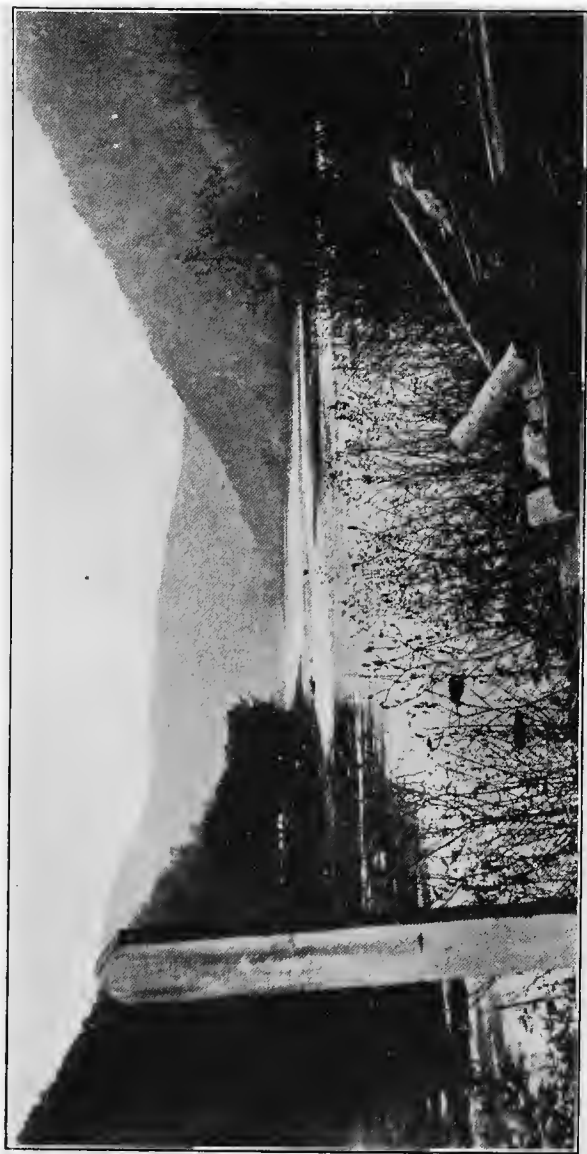
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Pennsylvania mountain stories /



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PENNSYLVANIA MOUNTAIN STORIES.



SCENE IN PENNSYLVANIA MOUNTAINS.

PENNSYLVANIA MOUNTAIN STORIES

By HENRY W. ^{haston}SHOEMAKER,

*Author of Pennsylvania Mountain
Verses and President of the Daily
Record, Bradford, Pa.*



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A. 222315

TO MY WIFE

The fairest flower of the
Pennsylvania Mountains.

INTRODUCTION

FOUR years ago, in 1903, I published a small volume of stories and legends called "Wild Life in Western Pennsylvania," which ran through two small editions. After all the copies had been exhausted I continued to receive requests for the books, and these have by this time reached such a number that I feel justified in bringing out this new collection of stories. In this book will be found the majority of sketches contained in the earlier work, together with a number of new stories which appeared in the "Reporter" of Centre Hall, Pa., the "Herald" of Jersey Shore, Pa., and the "Record" of Bradford, Pa. I wish to thank the good friends who showed such interest in my previous book and hope that this new volume will meet with the same kindly reception.

HENRY W. SHOEMAKER.

"Kresheim," Convent, N. J., November 3, 1907.

WHY THE STEINER HOUSE PATIENT PULLED THROUGH.

M'CARGO was a traveling man. He traveled out of Pittsburg for a hat and cap house, and therefore ought to know something of the world. His territory comprised mostly the small towns, and his easy manners and good looks made him welcome wherever he was on his rounds. He was unmarried, about 30 years of age, and in 1895, a year or two before the time of this story, he had shaved off his mustache to keep up with the new style.

It was evening when he got in the hack at the railroad station in Robertsburg to take the two and one-half mile ride over to Youngmanstown, which was a large place, although not on a railroad. For a wonder he had not been feeling well and the bumps with which the bad springs accentuated the rocky road, made him feel decidedly uncomfortable. The lights were lit when the 'bus pulled up in front of the Steiner House, and the traveling man and two lumber jobbers got out.

The Steiner House, which was run by old Tommy Mertz, had been built during the golden age of Youngmanstown, 50 years before, when it was a stopping point for the stage lines that ran along the valley and across the mountains previous to the building of the railroad. It was still the headquarters for bark peelers on their way to and from the woods, farmers on their way to vendues, and, of course, the traveling men or "drummers."

The hotel was of a design well known at that time. It had a series of three porches, one on a level with the street, the others above. Additions had been put on

about every twenty years, with the result that there were rooms of all sizes, high ceilings and low ceilings and stairways and corridors innumerable.

McCargo, in response to the proprietor's query of "supper," said he had eaten and asked to be shown to his room. A boy, with cataracts on his eyes, who was carrying his grip, groped the way up stairs and unlocked the door of room 18, in the oldest part of the house. Originally it had been an enormous room, running from the front to the back of the house, but it had been divided into two rooms by a partition made of a lot of door frames, fastened together with the knobs and locks still on them. The partition looked more like a hallway in a many-roomed apartment house in a big city than the dividing wall between two bed chambers in a country hotel. The furniture consisted of a wooden bed, which was painted green with red flower designs, and a wash stand and chair. There was blue paper but not a picture on the wall. In one corner were a couple of iron hooks for clothing. The house had been so added to that there was only one window left in this room, and it looked out on the stable yard, now used as a storage ground for bark wagons.

McCargo felt pretty sick and did not notice his surroundings, yet he could not get to sleep. He tossed about and by the feeble light from the window repeatedly looked at his watch. He laid on his face in a frantic effort to coax sleep, but it did not work. In the stillness he thought he heard someone moving in the room—he turned around and distinctly saw a figure. He called out, "Who's that?"

There was an answer, but too low to understand, so that he concluded it must be a woman. In another second he was sure it was, as the light of a candle suddenly

flared up in the hand of a very pretty young girl dressed in black. Sick as he was the visitant was not unwelcome to him, and he nodded that she could come nearer. This she did, and bent over him, caught his hand, felt his pulse, stroked his brow and readjusted the bed clothes. She continued her ministrations but he was too sick to make any inquiries, until the faint streaks of dawn filtered in over the roofs through the window. Then the candle went out. He rolled over on his face again—she was gone! He fell asleep and when he awoke was completely muddled as to whether his late visitor had been a ghost or a boarder from an adjoining room, so he decided to keep quiet about the whole occurrence.

The proprietor missed him at breakfast, as he was known as an early riser, and went up to his room. The door was locked on the inside, and as he shook it the brass tag on the big key rattled.

McCargo without a word threw himself out of bed and opened the door. His appearance frightened the proprietor, to whom he told what a sick man he was, but with manly caution let drop no hint about his lady friend.

"I will get Doc Swope right away," said the proprietor, as he went down stairs.

The doctor came. "That's a very sick man," he whispered to the proprietor's wife, who came with him to the sick room. He found a high fever, with other symptoms pointing to typhoid. He returned several times during the day and when night fell he decided the patient was too ill to be left alone. There was not a trained nurse in town, but there was a colored woman, the wife of the hostler at the St. Elmo hotel, down the street, who nursed occasionally, but she was away in

an adjoining village with a case, though expected back the next day. One of the waiter girls said she would attend to him during the night, but she fell asleep in the kitchen before she even got to his room.

He was asleep for a minute—or perhaps it was an hour—someone rolled him over in bed, he looked up, and there was his fair visitor again. This time he had a good look at her. She couldn't be over 20 years of age, was above the middle height, slender and well formed. Her face was oval, her hair and eyes were the darkest shade of brown, her complexion was pale while her expression, which was intelligent and kindly, emanated chiefly from her lips, which were thin and curved, but firm. He would have given a thousand years in paradise for just one kiss on those beautifully curved lips.

He was too sick to talk to her, but was pleased to see her. Again he wondered who she was; now he was certain she wasn't a ghost, but when she vanished suddenly at daylight he was sure he was going to die from delirium.

The morning dawned brightly. The doctor, the proprietor, the proprietor's wife, the waiter girls and even Joe Levine, the storekeeper, who had heard of his illness, visited him and tried to make his condition easier.

The colored woman came that night, a big woman with a black face and big black hands, was all that he could remember about her. Her presence worried him, as he feared that she would keep away his pretty visitor. The colored woman had a rocking chair brought in and eventually she fell asleep in it. The young girl came in; this time she talked a little to him, but put her fingers to her lips when he asked who she was. The

next day came and went much as before. He was no better, and with another night came more sleep for the big colored nurse.

When the young girl reappeared, McCargo, who had been saving his strength, made bold to demand her name. This time she gave it—"Elsie Eyer," she told him. "You have acted well, otherwise I'd never come again. You will pull through all right."

Evidently she had talked too much, for she faded into nothing before his eyes before the last sentence was concluded. The next night, however, she came again, but her outline was less distinct.

"I can't talk tonight," she faintly whispered. But with another night she seemed all right, so he asked her whence she came.

"I don't belong here," she said. "You can understand." He did. Whether it was imagination or not, Elsie Eyer was a ghost. She came every night, loving and tender in her attentions. He was always better in the morning, but worse at nightfall—the doctor and another physician from Bellefonte couldn't understand why.

At last one night when she was with him he took her by the hand, which was the prettiest and whitest he had ever held, and told her he would like to die then and there, and marry her in the spirit land.

"No," she said. "I can't marry; you must get well."

The next day he was worse and the doctors about gave him up; an aunt and uncle, his only relatives, were telegraphed for in Pittsburg.

That night he again demanded of her why she would not marry him—why he should get well.

"I cannot tell you."

Please, for heaven's sake, do, I must, know," moaned the delirious traveling man.

"I hate to, but I will," she replied.

He tossed over in bed and saw before him a tall, powerful figure of a young man, 25 years of age, dressed in woodsman's garb. His shoes were laced up over his trousers to the knees and he wore a flannel shirt of army blue with brass buttons. His black hair was worn in a top knot and parted at both sides, and brushed down over his ears, while his upper lip was adorned with a very small mustache. His features were large and full of character, and his face was sallow and deeply furrowed.

"This is Mr. Packer Devling," she said. "We left here together, I think it was from small pox. I nursed him. It was in January, 1879. There are no marriages with us, but we are together forever—you must get well, there is no use for you to die."

McCargo uttered a cry. The dozing negress awoke. He was shaking all over. She thought his end had come and called for the landlord.

They were all mistaken. In the morning he was better. The noon train which connected with the west brought his aunt and uncle. For the first time he expressed a strong desire to get well. His aunt sat up with him at night and he steadily improved.

"He has successfully passed the crisis," said the doctors. Eventually he was able to get out and go home.

"I don't think that room is haunted after all," said the proprietor, "else that feller, when he was so crazy with the fever, would have seen *her*."

THE STORY OF ALTAR ROCK.

IN the first quarter of the Eighteenth Century several bands of French trappers found their way from the trading posts on Lake Erie to the Elk branch of the Sinnemahoning. They followed this stream to the main run, where some of them went out the Bennett branch toward Benezet, while another party of five built a camp and stockade on a high point at the great bend west of what is now Round Island Station. The camp, which was christened Grande Pointe, and even the subsequent history of these French pioneers has faded into oblivion, although to this day the foundations can be located in the pine forest which has since grown up on the scene of this ancient fortification.

The French policy with the Indians was to fraternize and be honorable in all dealings with them, and for this reason their trading and trapping enterprises were eminently successful.

However, some few of the young bucks resented the intrusion of the whites, especially after the building of the Grande Pointe camp, which seemed to insure their permanent residence in the locality. But the squaws and less warlike of the braves, who bartered furs for hitherto undreamed of fineries and satisfying stimulants, were glad of their presence in the neighborhood.

Of all the hostile braves, none cherished a more bitter and uncompromising hate than did the tall, spare, young soothsayer, whose name translated is equivalent to Two-Pines.

He was a medicine man by descent, and in his frequent visions he saw nothing but frightful omens of his people's annihilation at the hands of the palefaced

strangers. Still, the greed for bargain and luxury was too strong in the majority of the tribe to give but a passing thought to predictions that at another time would have been instantly heeded. They turned away, shaking their heads, when on festal days he mounted the Altar Rock for devotions, where sacrifices were offered, and commune with the spirits held, and on whose narrow ledge an Indian was supposed to bear a charmed life and be for the time invulnerable to poisoned arrows or javelins.

Altar Rock, which modern writers call Pulpit Rock, Chimney Rock, Steeple Rock and Nelson's Rock, is one of the most remarkable natural wonders in the State of Pennsylvania. Its diameter in no part being over ten feet, it rises like a graceful column to a height of sixty feet, where it is surmounted by a flat slab whose dimensions are approximately ten by twelve. The entire cliff is composed of brownstone, and is undulated and fluted by the action of water in past ages. On top of the flat slab stands a living white pine, forty feet tall, whose gnarled roots clutch at the rocks in a grim effort to hold its place against the onslaught of the elements.

There is no earth on the Altar Rock from which the tree can gain sustenance, but it grows healthy and green in its barren home. Until ten years ago there was a second white pine, the exact counterpart of its mate, growing on the rock, but it was struck by lightning, lifted bodily from the roots and hurled into the valley below.

It was one bright September morning, after Two-Pines, the soothsayer, had spent the night on top of Altar Rock in meditation and prayer, that he heard the crack of a gun fired somewhere near the Sinnemahoning. A few minutes later he came face to face with a French-

man, Pierre Le Bo, dragging the carcass of a bull elk to the river's edge, to sink it until he might have time to prepare it for eating. Two-Pines' anger was thoroughly aroused. To see this intruder killing the beasts of the forest, which belonged, in his idea, to the Indian race, was too much for him, and he struck the Frenchman a terrific blow on the head with a stone mallet, crushing his skull and causing instant death. Then he reclimbed to his retreat on Altar Rock, and prayed rapturously for the gift of strength to annihilate the white beings who defiled the valley of the Sinnemahoning.

It was in this attitude of prayer that he heard footsteps and whispering voices in the woods beneath. Nearer and nearer they came, until through the leaves he beheld, to his satisfaction, the forms of four French trappers, heavily armed. Two-Pines arose and stood erect, in the dignity of his Titan stature, and with arms folded across his breast, seemed to defy the avengers to slay him on his immortal pedestal, where poisoned arrows and javelins had less effect than drops of summer rain.

A little Frenchman named Lafitte, leaned his heavy gun upon a snag, took careful aim and fired at the defiant warrior. There was a loud report, and when the foul-smelling smoke had cleared, the dead body of Two-Pines lay upon the Altar Rock.

An hour later the Frenchmen abandoned Grande Pointe with its valuable stores, and started down stream in canoes. That night the camp was looted and burned by the Indians and whether the trappers succeeded in reaching a friendly refuge or were murdered on the way has never yet been fully ascertained. But from the flat top of Altar Rock two little pines sprouted slender and

straight, with long silky needles. Taller and taller they grew, until, side by side, with their smooth barked trunks and shapely tangle of dark green foliage, they resembled the figure of an Indian youth, the slain but defiant Two-Pines.

THE SPOOK OF SPOOK HILL.

MUCH was added to the air of mystery and romance which has always surrounded the steep, oak-covered knoll near Pine Station, Clinton County, when in 1860, some workmen in digging a cut for the Philadelphia & Erie railroad, unearthed the foundation of an ancient stockade and blockhouse.

From that time to the present, the antiquarians and local historians have wrangled over the name and traditions of this fort, some declaring it to be the ruins of Fort Horne, in reality a structure of more recent construction, and columns have been written in the newspapers, but apparently none were aware of the true history or connected this mysterious fort, in any other than a remote way, with the famous headless spook who haunts the spot where the old fort stood, and gave Spook Hill its name.

From the lips of an ancient citizen of Pine, I heard what he declares to be the true tale of Spook Hill and the fortress; and my informant tells me that his authority is from no less a personage than Peter Pence, the Indian fighter, who in turn heard it from still earlier settlers.

"One cold night," said the aged citizen of Pine, "Lieutenant Gaston Bushong, of the French trading post 'Numero Sept,' was sitting before the blazing beechwood fire in the blockhouse, half dozing under the gentle influence of crackling logs. He was the second in command of a chain of posts which extended from Lake Erie east to Shickshinny (Luzerne county) and was noted as a shrewd trader, and a stern but honorable friend of the Indians.

At a homemade slab table nearby sat his niece, the beautiful Jacqueline Le Van, who was busily engaged in writing a diary of her experiences in a huge leather-bound copy book. Jacqueline was a girl of much talent, of excellent family, who had left her parents' chateau in the south of France to accompany her uncle to the wilds of Pennsylvania, as she was ambitious to learn enough of life in the new country to compile a book of travels, which it was her dream to publish when she would return to France.

In a corner lay four sleeping French trappers, in ragged suits of buckskin, and beside the iron-bound door was crouched a spotted one-eyed hound.

Suddenly the hound jumped up, sniffing the air and barking loudly, while a sound of footsteps could be heard from the outside. Everything became in a state of confusion in the blockhouse. Lieutenant Bushong seized his pistol, the sleeping Frenchmen jumped to their feet and slouched to the gun racks, until a voice from without called 'Bushong! Bushong! ouvrez la porte. C'est Le Brun.'

Lieutenant Bushong evidently recognized the speaker, for he replaced his pistol on the table and ordered one of the trappers to unbolt the door. This was done as quickly as possible, and in walked a young man of about twenty-five years, swarthy and bearded, clad in semi-military, semi-backwoodsman's garb. He was followed by four trappers, each carrying three or four guns, the last one dragging a bag of ammunition.

Lieutenant Bushong was amazed to see the garrison of post 'Numero Six' at such an hour and so far down the Susquehanna, but before he could express his amazement, Le Brun, the leader of the newcomers, ex-

claimed, "Excuse our presence here, sir, but an unfortunate thing has happened. One of our men killed an Indian medicine man named Two-Pines on yesterday. The redskins are enraged; we fled for our lives."

"A grave mistake, a grievous blunder," said Lieutenant Bushong calmly. "No matter what the provocation, it was contrary to the policy of our company; but since your man has destroyed the life of this Indian, you had better make yourself comfortable here until the matter can be referred to the Council of Chiefs."

Both parties of trappers were soon exchanging reminiscences. Lieutenant Bushong and Le Brun discussed in undertones the different phases of the unfortunate killing. The beautiful Jacqueline Le Van resumed her voluminous diary writing, and the blockhouse once more resumed its nightly tranquility.

Next morning, to make sure, a reconnoissance was taken from the little watch-tower on top of the fort. No Indians were reported in sight, so the whole party spent the day sunning and packing furs to be shipped down the river. About 5 o'clock in the afternoon, Louis Lafitte, a little humpbacked Frenchman, who was said to have slain the medicine man, went out in the stockade to chop some wood, but he had scarcely raised his axe before a well-directed bullet, fired evidently by an Indian, pierced his skull and he fell over dead. This meant that the refugees had been followed and a skirmish was imminent. Lafitte's body was left out over night, no one caring to run the risk of going after it, but just before daybreak his companions buried him near where he fell. However, the cover of partial darkness proved deceptive. Before they could re-enter the blockhouse, the sun rose and Indian sharpshooters commenced a fusilade, mortally wounding two Frenchmen.

Lieutenant Bushong hurried to the watch-tower just in time to see a band of redskins skulking away from a dense grove of pitch pines on the brow of Cable's Ridge, a point of high ground to the northeast of the fort. Quickly he aimed and fired, having the satisfaction of seeing a big, burly savage roll over in death agony. Then he summoned the garrison, which beside himself, numbered five men, to man the gunholes in readiness for an attack. Hardly had he given this order when a shower of bullets from the ridge began to rain in on the fort; but the Frenchmen replied gallantly, and for a time honors were even.

In half an hour the Indians tired of this waste of ammunition, and fifty strong the braves emerged from their thicket and made a wild charge down the hill to the blockhouse, the air resounding with their uncouth yells. Although they fell by the dozens, the remnant with reckless courage attempted to scale the stockade, but as their heads appeared above the top of the fence they were laid low by the unerring bullets of the Frenchmen, and fell over one another shrieking with agony and hatred, not a few times their blood splashing into the faces of the trappers at the gunholes.

At last, the bravest having been killed, the redskins retreated up the ridge, which sanctuary was only gained by eleven out of the fifty who had so courageously dashed down on the blockhouse but twenty minutes before.

Lieutenant Bushong then surveyed his men. Two of his five gunners lay dead, shot cleanly through the foreheads when their faces had appeared at the gunholes. Realizing the inefficiency of his force, he ordered the survivors to pack the valuables aboard the raft which was moored on the river below the fort, and

make down stream to the next blockhouse, which stood pretty nearly on the present site of Williamsport. The survivors, who were glad of a chance to escape, tied together the most valuable hides, brought out the money from its hiding places, stacked up the guns and before long had loaded them aboard the raft. The time spent in embarking these accoutrements was valuable time wasted, as it gave the Indians a chance to recover themselves, with the result that before the party was afloat the Indian gun-fire began anew.

Lieutenant Bushong, LeBrun and Jacqueline seized their firearms and returned the volleys. The lieutenant commanded the trappers to make off and down stream, stating that he would protect them until they got out of firing distance, and would follow later in a canoe.

Thus at the noon hour under a fierce fire, the raft with three Frenchmen, some furs, forty guns, three kegs of powder and a chest of gold pieces, started off, and was soon swirling away with the current. When they were safely in midstream, Lieutenant Bushong, Jacqueline and LeBrun made a dash from the back exit of the blockhouse and down a steep bank to the canoe. Half way an Indian bullet laid low LeBrun, and regardless of their own great danger, the lieutenant and Jacqueline bent over his prostrate form, to ascertain the amount of his injuries.

Quick as a flash, a young Indian who had crept around from the ridge and lay concealed in some water birches by the river's edge, sprang forward, and unobserved drew Lieutenant Bushong's sword from the scabbard; then he dealt him a terrific blow which severed the gallant officer's head from his shoulders, and in another instant he grasped Jacqueline by the hair and

dragged her back into the bushes. As he caught her she uttered a piercing scream which was heard by the trappers aboard the raft, now almost to the Pine Creek riffles. In a couple of minutes a crowd of nine or ten redskins emerged from the brush. Their leader, the Chief Susquee, picked up the severed head of the lieutenant and danced and waved it about, finally pitching it out into the river, where it dyed the water red as it sunk.

But even death did not bring peace to the brave spirit of Lieutenant Gaston Bushong, as now the farmer boys who cross this fateful hill at noon, even when the summer sun shines brightest, aver that they see a headless figure in powder stained regimentals, searching among the tangled saplings, poke berries, alders and grape vines, perhaps for the head he seems never destined to find, but which found him an ignoble place in history as the Spook of Spook Hill.

THE ROMANCE OF POSTOFFICE ROCK.

HOW long must I bear this bondage, is there no chance to ever get away from here?" These were the words that were whispered to herself by a beautiful young girl one June day, as she leaned over the edge of a gigantic rock which overlooked the valley a thousand feet below, where the two branches of the Sinnemahoning come together, and flow off to the east as one. From her looks she was apparently not out of her teens, but her face indicated that she had endured much suffering, giving her a more expressive and intelligent countenance than belonged to most persons of her age and sex. In coloring; she was a brunette, with a perfect oval face. Her prominent eyes were as black as ebony, and her lips were full and sensitive, with the upper lip of Grecian shortness, and her arched nose turned up just a little bit at the end, giving a vivacity to her expression that would never grow old. Her jetty black hair was very profuse, and worn low on her head, while her entire appearance was intensely interesting and attractive.

As she gazed off at the wonderful panorama before her she could see range after range of pine covered mountains, some running like level rows, while others were cut up into the most fantastic peaks, every geometrical figure being represented by their diversity until they faded off into a faint line far away to the north. She could follow the course of the river with her eyes to a point where it coiled itself back of the mountains and disappeared. Everything was still, the very vastness of the scene was oppressive! By the river bank she could make out a pair of white herons wading, while smaller birds flew silently from tree to tree. It

was at that part of the day when the birds and insects seemed to have ceased their songs and nature had lapsed into a state of calm.

She was not alone. A few yards back of her on a flat rock, with his back propped against a hemlock, sat an Indian chief, smoking a pipe. He called himself her "husband." His name which to modern readers would be unspellable and unpronounceable had an English equivalent of "Snowy Owl;" but his appearance was not at all in keeping with that appellation. He was six feet tall, very dark, with exaggeratedly aquiline features, and very small, restless yellow eyes. His head was shaved except for the black top knot that bristled or collapsed with his varying moods. A dozen younger Indians were leaning against trees at respectful distances but no word was passed between any of them, and they had seen the wonderful view from the mountain top too often to be affected by it.

The reader may ask for an explanation of the presence of this fine looking white girl among these hideous savages with whom she appeared to be so uncongenial. She was not with them of her own accord. She was a captive. Her name was Jacqueline Le Van, and her birthplace was in Gavarnie, a village up in the mountains between France and Spain. Well educated, she came to America as secretary to her uncle who was in charge of a French trading post located in the West Branch valley, where she spent a year very pleasantly studying the birds, animals, insects, flowers, trees and natives of this wild region, besides making herself very useful to everyone at the post, keeping their accounts and writing their letters.

Owing to a fatal quarrel between some Frenchmen and Indians an attack had been made on the trading post,

her uncle was killed and she was captured by the savages and taken as a gift to the great chief "Snowy Owl." Of course he was impressed by her beauty and charms and decided upon an instant marriage. There was no such thing as "refusing" him, so they were married according to the fantastic ceremonial of the tribe. During the intervening three years she had borne him two children, but not wishing to figure as the progenitor of a hybrid race had neglected the infants so that they died. This sowed a feeling of bitter hatred and jealousy in "Snowy Owl" and frequently he had been prompted to kill her, but that he wished to prolong her suffering by captivity. She had planned a hundred ways to escape, but he had her surrounded and watched day and night by the tribesmen, so she had given up such an idea in despair. As she wanted to get back to France and was deeply religious the oft recurring idea of suicide was repugnant to her.

On this morning she was feeling particularly depressed. She had overheard the young Indians discussing an overland journey that was soon to take place, which would keep her further in the wilderness, where escape or rescue would be more difficult than ever. As she leaned over the rocks she thought of the misery of her position, and grew more hopeless every day. She called this great rock the "Postoffice," as from it she could look off into the world beyond and wait there for news, which thus far had never come.

While thus meditating she noticed to her infinite surprise the bow of a canoe appearing around the bend in the river. Hastily she looked back of her; old "Snowy Owl" was so abstracted by the atmosphere of his pipe that he was practically asleep, while the younger Indians, imitating the action of their chief, were far over the borderland of dreams.

Patiently she waited. Nearer and nearer came the canoe. The white herons rose up and flew away into the woods. She could make out there were three men in the canoe. All were young and each one had a gun by his side as they quietly paddled closer and closer. In the front of the boat she could make out the features of one of them. He was evidently their leader. His rough hunting costume showed off to advantage his sinewy form while his red-brown curly hair emerged from under his coon-skin cap. Again she looked around; the Indians still nodded their heads in sleep. Quick as a flash she was on her feet. It was a desperate chance—life or death. With a nimble spring she was on the top of the rock. She had to act with redoubled haste lest the men below in the boat see her and call to her, thus arousing the Indians, and with rare courage she leaped off into space. Straight down she went. The men in the canoe did not notice her until they heard a crackling of boughs and saw a woman dangling by her tattered skirts in the branches of a big pine tree by the water's edge. They turned their boat inshore and their leader, whose name was Simeon Shaffer, a young hunter from the eastern part of the province, climbed up the tree like a wildcat, and soon had her freed from her predicament. She hastily whispered her story to him and before another moment had elapsed was sitting safely in the canoe on her way down stream.

Later when old "Snowy Owl" was stung by a bumble-bee he awoke. Jacqueline was gone, leaving not a sign of a trail behind her. They surrounded the mountain, but no trace of her could be found on its slopes. Among his uncouth curses old "Snowy Owl" wisely remarked: "That woman must be the devil."

THE FATE OF SIMEON SHAFFER.

WHERE the McElhattan and Spring Runs come together in a turbulent medley of bubbling ripples, and birches and quaking asps thrive where the forests of evergreens once prevailed, there rises a perpendicular cliff of yellow, uneven stone to the altitude of eight hundred feet. The sides are so steep that the few stunted trees stand out horizontally. On top of the forbidding cliff, which is dubbed by the mountaineers the High Rocks, a grove of pitch pines flourish, which in days gone by sheltered the Indian councils held on this natural fortress. Here it was that the powerful chief, Ho-non-waw, would sit on every clear morning, smoking his twisted pipe, and dream of perpetual victories. And here, also, the Indian signal fires blazed forth when the relentless race war was waging between the white man and red.

In the peaceful lowlands, a couple of miles from the High Rocks, Simeon Shaffer, a young pioneer, had built a cabin and cleared a few acres of the dark, rich soil. With his beautiful wife and three small children he was perfectly content, and refused to be drawn into the dispute between the settlers and the Aborigines. Frequently the Indians came to his cabin door to have their knives sharpened or to buy small lots of ammunition, and he seemed to be living among them on terms of honest peace. In the last days of September young Shaffer would be gone from home a day at a time on hunting expeditions, as he wished to lay in a stock of dried venison for the winter. He always left a loaded gun with his wife in case of an unexpected attack, but there really appeared to be no use for such precautions.

But one night, when he returned from a success-

ful chase, he perceived that the door was wide open and no fire threw out its glow from the hearth. Inside the door lay the body of his wife, shot through the head (with perhaps the very ammunition he had sold the redskins) and scalped. The children were gone, carried off by the cruel savages. The heart-broken pioneer, in the presence of the moon and stars, vowed he would avenge the devastation of his home, and from a peaceful builder of a homestead he became a merciless enemy of the Indians, joining the Brady brothers in many skirmishes of the most desperate kind. Six months after the death of his wife he had killed eleven Indians, including Sa-lon-ah, son of Chief Ho-non-waw, and his ambition would have no rest until he had slaughtered the great chief himself. From a distance he had seen Ho-non-waw smoking on the High Rocks, but to approach him was no easy matter, as Indian pickets swarmed about the approaches to the mountain.

He knew that if he shot at one of these scouts whom he might meet on his way to the chief's retreat, it would bring the others to him, so he decided to make the climb unarmed, save for a hunting knife. Stealthily he passed several sentries unnoticed, and onward and upward he crawled on the far side of the rocks, until daylight found him on the level bench, where he lay in a thicket of hogberries until the dignified chief strode to his favorite ledge and sat down to smoke his twisted pipe. The time had come! Springing from his concealment, Shaffer rushed up behind his foe and gave him a mighty shove. There was a crunching of gravel, a tearing of garments, and as Ho-non-waw fell from the cliff, with diabolical presence of mind he seized the leg of the pioneer, and together they went down, down, eight hundred feet, tumbling over each other, and lit

with a crash in the topmost branches of a chestnut tree. The Indians soon discovered their loss, and reverently removed the chieftain's body and gave it burial. But as for Simeon Shaffer, his bones were left to bleach and crumble in the chestnut tree.

THE LEGEND OF PENN'S CAVE.

I N the days when the West Branch Valley was a trackless wilderness of defiant pines and submissive hemlocks, twenty-five years before the first pioneer had attempted a permanent lodgment beyond Sunbury, a young Pennsylvania Frenchman from Lancaster county, named Malachi Boyer, alone and unaided, pierced the jungle to a point where Bellefonte is now located. The history of his travels has never been written, partly because he had no white companion to observe them, and partly because he himself was unable to write. His very identity would now be forgotten were it not for traditions of the Indians, with whose lives he became strangely entangled.

A short stockily built fellow was Malachi Boyer, with unusually prominent black eyes, and black hair that hung in ribbon-like strands over his broad, low forehead. Fearless, yet conciliatory, he escaped a thousand times from Indian cunning and treachery, and as the months went by and he penetrated further into the forests he numbered many redskins among his cherished friends.

Why he explored these boundless wilds he could not explain, for it was not in the interest of science, as he scarcely knew of such a thing as geography, and it was not for trading, as he lived by the way. But on he forced his path, ever aloof from his own race, on the alert for the strange scenes which encompassed him day by day.

One beautiful month of April, there is no one who can tell the exact year, found Malachi Boyer camped on the shores of Spring Creek. Near the Mammoth Spring

was an Indian camp whose occupants maintained a quasi-intercourse with the pale-face stranger. Sometimes old Chief O-ko-cho would bring gifts of corn to Malachi, who in turn presented the chieftain with a hunting knife of truest steel. And in this way Malachi came to spend more and more of his time about the Indian camps, only keeping his distance at night and during religious ceremonies.

Old O-ko-cho's chief pride was centered in his seven stalwart sons, Hum-kin, Ho-ko-lin, Too-chin, Os-tin, Chaw-kee-bin, A-ha-kin, Ko-lo-pa-kin, and his Diana-like daughter, Nita-nee. The seven brothers resolved themselves into a guard of honor for their sister, who had many suitors, among whom was the young chief, E-Faw, from the adjoining sub-tribe of the A-caw-ko-taws. . But Nita-nee gently though firmly repulsed her numerous suitors, until such time as her father would give her in marriage to one worthy of her regal blood.

Thus ran the course of Indian life when Malachi Boyer made his bed of hemlock boughs by the gurgling waters of Spring Creek. And it was the first sight of her, washing a deer skin in the stream, that led him to prolong his stay and ingratiate himself with her father's tribe.

Few were the words that passed between Malachi and Nita-nee, many the glances, and often did the handsome pair meet in the mossy ravines near the camp grounds. But this was all clandestine love, for friendly as Indian and white might be in social intercourse, never could a marriage be tolerated, until—there always is a turning point in romance—the black-haired wanderer and the beautiful Nita-nee resolved to spend their lives together, and one moonless night started for the more habitable east. All night long they threaded their

silent way, climbing the mountain ridges, gliding through the velvet soiled hemlock glades, and wading, hand in hand, the splashing, resolute torrents. When morning came they breakfasted on dried meat and huckleberries, and bathed their faces in a mineral spring. Until—there is always a turning point in romance—seven tall, stealthy forms, like animated mountain pines, stepped from the gloom and surrounded the eloping couple. Malachi drew a hunting knife, identical with the one he had given to Chief O-ko-cho, and seizing Nita-nee around the waist, stabbed right and left at his would-be captors. The first stroke pierced Hum-kin's heart, and uncomplaining he sank down dying. The six remaining brothers, although receiving stab wounds, caught Malachi in their combined grasp and disarmed him; then one brother held sobbing Nita-Nee, while the others dragged fighting Malachi across the mountain. That was the last the lovers saw of one another. Below the mountain lay a broad valley, from the center of which rose a circular hillock, and it was to this mound the savage brothers led their victim. As they approached a yawning cavern met their eyes, filled with greenish limestone water. There is a ledge at the mouth of the cave, about six feet higher than the water, above which the arched roof rises thirty feet, and it was from here they shoved Malachi Boyer into the tide below. He sank for a moment, but when he rose to the surface, commenced to swim. He approached the ledge, but the brothers beat him back, so he turned and made for some dry land in the rear of the cavern. Two of the brothers ran from the entrance over the ridge to watch where there is another small opening, but though Malachi tried his best, in the impenetrable darkness he could not find this or any other avenue of escape. He swam back to

the cave's mouth, but the merciless Indians were still on guard. He climbed up again and again, but was repulsed, and once more retired to the dry cave. Every day for a week he renewed his efforts to escape, but the brothers were never absent. Hunger became unbearable, his strength gave way but he vowed he would not let the redskins see him die, so forcing himself into one of the furthestmost labyrinths, Malachi Boyer breathed his last.

Two days afterwards the brothers entered the cave and discovered the body. They touched not the coins in his pockets, but weighted him with stones and dropped him into the deepest part of the greenish limestone water. And after these years those who have heard this legend declare that on the still summer nights an unaccountable echo rings through the cave, which sounds like "Nita-nee," "Nita-nee."

THE HERMIT OF THE KNOBS.

A FEW weeks ago, while driving across the Allegheny summits from Snowshoe to Karthaus the driver reined his horses on the highest point, to show me, far in the distance, the famous knobs of Clearfield county, three peaks of almost Alpine aspect, which rise pyramid-like above the surrounding ranges.

I told the driver that I had often seen the Knobs before, and had climbed to the top of the middle and largest one, and that I had spent a night several years since with an old French hermit, now dead, whose cabin stood in a hollow near the mountain's base.

It was on a walking trip through the Divide region in the days when I was still in college and had plenty of time for idling and investigation, that one August night, just after the sun had set behind the Knobs and the heavy gray dusk was settling down upon the rugged landscape, and cold gusts blew from the mountain gorges, that I came upon the little cabin by the creek-side, where the hermit resided.

I found him sitting on a stool by the cabin door, poor old Pierre Bayle, smoking his corncob pipe, his eyes blinking in time to the musical tumbling of the creek over the smooth, black stones. I spoke to the old fellow and started to pass on, as I was on the last lap of my journey, but he asked me what my hurry was in such tones of politeness that I dropped my canteen and stopped to talk with him.

His conversation led me to believe that, while not a man of education, he possessed more than ordinary intelligence, and a slight accent caused me to inquire if he was not a Frenchman, to which he promptly replied.

Yes, and more, a Parisian." So when I informed him that I had visited in Paris, could speak a little French, and had been on the Rue Berri, where he said he was born, we became good friends, and talked of Europe and Paris, then switched off to hunting, timber and local politics, until I looked at my watch and discovered that it was 10 o'clock and far too late to reach my destination, so I accepted the old man's cordial invitation to spend the night in his shanty.

After lighting a smoky little lamp, he led me into the room, where I was struck by an air of old-fashioned neatness and comfort, but especially with one window which faced the rough mountain height. It was decorated by pink silk curtains tied with ribbons, and before it was a gilded wire stand covered with an array of flowers growing in gilded tin cans, gilded earthenware and gilded vases. There were wild violets, geraniums, ginseng, touch-me-not, a rose bush or two—in fact a bewildering profusion of flowers and queer looking plants which gave the window somewhat the aspect of a shrine. I looked through the window, expecting, perhaps, to see a charming vista before me, but there was nothing more to be seen but the rough mountain's precipitous sides, covered with charred logs and whitened chestnut sprouts, a scene typical of lost hopes and untold desolation.

I made bold to ask of old Mr. Bayle the meaning of this elaborate window garden, especially when there could be so little sun where it was, and he faltered and tried to explain it away; but seeing my continued interest and air of sympathy, he sank into a rickety arm-chair facing the window, and gazing into the now impenetrable darkness of the night, profound in its awful stillness, he told me the tragic story of his life, wrecked

from sentimental ignorance and mad desire.

"I was born in Paris, in the Rue Berri," the old hermit began. "It was many, many years ago. I really forget the year. In fact I never lived at all until I was 18, so everything that went before it is best forgotten. I might be in the French capital still but for a single moment's joy. I was a gun maker by trade and worked in a little shop not far from the fortifications. I earned good pay for one so young, but as I had little schooling had no ambition. One bright May morning I was standing by my forge near the open window, working and singing, watching the breezes sway the blossoms on the horse-chestnut trees, unconcerned and thoughtless, when down the wide Boulevard I saw a splendid carriage approaching—I can see it yet; the handsome horses with banded tails; the bewigged coachman and footmen—the silver trappings of the coach—and when it drew near I saw, leaning back on the cushions, the most beautiful young woman I had ever seen, or ever will—a perfect brunette, with clear complexion and bright eyes! The other workmen, filled with curiosity, for coaches of this kind seldom passed our way, rushed to the windows to admire and marvel and the revolutionists among us to curse and grumble and many asked who she might be, and amid the racket I heard someone say, 'She is the Princess Irene Lafayette de Nemours-Perigord.' I heard no more, but stood transfixed with instant love, rooted to the spot, until after the carriage had passed on its leisurely way. Then the master of the shop shook me violently and asked me where I was. Part of me was at the forge in the gun shop, but the rest of me, the Better Part, I called it, went with the Princess Irene LaFayette de Nemours-Perigord, never to return.

"After that day I became a poor mechanic, I ne-

glected my work in efforts to discover the home of the Princess, and when I did learn where the palace was situated, spent my evenings hovering about the neighborhood, not in any hope of seeing her, but to know that I was near her. On Sundays and holidays I lurked around the courtyard, hoping to see her again, but in vain, until I was finally chased from the premises by the porter, armed with the bar with which the iron gate was clamped. At last I was discharged from the gun shop and I was not sorry, as I hoped to seek better employment, where I might educate myself to become somebody, I knew not what. So I became a watcher at a bookstall near the Siene, where I read books of all kinds at my leisure; but my Better Part was still wandering, and one afternoon, during my day dreams, the stall was robbed and I was again turned loose. I saw a vessel on the river and, gaining the confidence of the captain, became a helper for my passage to the coast and there thought I would make a man of myself and forget my hopeless love by going to America. I worked my way across as a deck-hand, reaching New York just before the Civil War, and served my adopted country in a Zouave regiment. The new country, instead of diminishing my love for the beautiful Princess Irene, only aggravated it, and after awhile the officers became disgusted and had me mustered out for inefficiency. I took to drink, became a tramp, and my wanderings brought me to Clearfield county, where I met some French people with whom I spent a winter, supporting myself by working in the woods; but when spring came I decided to strike out for the west. The first night I stopped at the house where I now am, then a deserted hunters' camp, in the virgin forest. It was in the month of May, and thoroughly exhausted, I laid down on the

earthen floor, gazing through the window which you admire at the awful blackness of the night. All at once my troubles seemed to vanish, the sun-light, in great golden beams, poured through the broken panes, and I felt myself back at the forge in the gun shop, the birds were singing in the horse chestnuts across the way, a great carriage came lumbering along, drawn by stately bay horses with banded tails, and I could hear the rattling of the silver trappings; raising my eyes I beheld the face of the beautiful and long-lost Princess Irene LaFayette de Nemours-Perigord. The carriage passed on, the sunlight grew dimmer, and I found myself once more lying on the floor of the miserable hut; but I resolved to stay and every night since, toward the midnight hour, I take my place in the rocking chair and watch with eager eyes the splendid carriage go by, and feel the presence of my lost love, the beautiful Princess Irene LaFayette de Nemours-Perigord."

PRAIRIE KING.

PRAIRIE KING, 2:11¼, chestnut horse, foaled 1888, by Clay Wilkes; dam, Lottie Patchen, by King Patchen; consigned by estate of late George A. Burd, of Longstown, Pa."

This description from the catalogue was read aloud by a spectator at one of the Old Glory sales in Madison Square Garden, New York City, to a friend who sat beside him. The reader was a short, stout, red-faced fellow named Harvey Albright, who had recently failed in the livery and hotel business in a small New Jersey town. At present he had nothing to do, and with his friend, Zekey Morton, an ex-trotting horse trainer of shady reputation, was attending the big horse sale to pass away the time. Albright was of Pennsylvania Dutch extraction, and Morton was a Yankee, two races which are noted for their love of the trotting horse.

"There he comes now," said Morton, as the crowd of spectators around the auctioneer's box fell back to allow a sturdily built, dark chestnut horse to be led by them.

"Pretty good looker for thirteen years. Got a low mark and good breedin'; he's sound, but offul rough lookin'," commented Albright, as he chewed his unlighted cigar.

"He'll go cheap, too," replied Morton, his lean features watching the impending sale with keen interest.

The auctioneer had begun to talk: "What am I bid for this son of Clay Wilkes and Lottie Patchen? Got a mark of eleven made as a five-year-old at Readville," and went on to praise the horse from every conceivable point of view. After he had finished there was

a pause; several men walking around the horse and examining him, but there were no bidders. At last an old man with a fur cap and white chin whiskers, back in the crowd, yelled, "One hundred dollars."

"One hundred dollars to start him," chorused the auctioneer. There was another pause and then the auctioneer became impatient.

"Let's go halves and take a fly on him; he may have some speed left," whispered Morton to Albright.

"All right," said his friend. So the New Englander called out, "One hundred and ten."

"Twenty," said the farmer.

Then there was another pause and the auctioneer, after following several false leads, was about to sell him to the farmer when Morton called out—

"Thirty."

That was the last bid. The auctioneer tried awhile but could arouse no one else, and it was late in the afternoon, so he brought down his hammer—"Sold for one hundred and thirty dollars to the gentleman in the third row."

Albright and Morton quietly left their seats and crossed the track and went to the cashier's box, where they paid for the horse out of two big rolls of small bills.

"About busted us," remarked Morton, as he folded the yellow receipt. They chased away a colored man who offered to lead their horse "for a dollar" and went down to the stalls in the basement to more closely inspect their purchase. They found him to be a horse standing about 15:2 hands, of powerful frame, but in such bad condition that it looked as if he had not been

properly tended for months, except that he had been freshly clipped for the sale. They exhibited the receipt to the attendant and silently started off with their bargain. Out into Fourth avenue they went and turned into 24th street, where they borrowed a runabout and harness from a friend who worked in a sales stable, and in another half hour were driving Prairie King toward the Erie ferry. It was on the long drive that followed that the plot was hatched, and the two inactive horse sharks suddenly became all alertness and activity.

"We'll take him to my brother's farm for the winter," said Morton, "and I'll jog him on the road, and in the spring I'll get him ready for the county fairs. We'll start him out under a new name, for he'll never step near to eleven again, and we'll make a thousand clear for each."

"What'll we call him?" asked Albright—"Joe Wilkes, or Old Glory, or Keystone Boy, or—"

"Let's call him Freehold, after that town in Jersey," said Morton. "It doesn't sound a bit suspicious like."

So he was named Freehold. After he was on the road three days, which was not a long trip considering the number of road houses visited, the party drove up to a comfortable farm house which overlooked the Delaware river, that divides New York state from Pennsylvania. It was the house of Morton's brother and the large family came out to greet him.

"Till we got that card this mornin' we hadn't heard tell of you for near on to a year," said brother Isaac, "but we're glad to see you and meet your friend, Mr. Albright. That's quite a likely horse you've got there."

After supper Morton explained to his brother that he had come to spend the winter and do his share of the work, and in his spare moments "jog the new horse." Albright hung around for a couple of weeks and then went away, and the next heard from him he was in Portsmouth, Ohio, where he had gotten a job as bartender in a hotel. Zeke Morton though, worked hard, all winter with the old horse and by spring had him in splendid condition.

"We're ready to start in now," he wrote his friend the first of June, and when a week later Albright arrived he was met at the station by the Yankee, driving "Freehold," who looked like a young horse and was so full of go he could hardly be held.

"We mustn't start him more'n twice this summer," explained Morton, "but that'll do us. He's a sure winner in the twenty-four class."

On the Fourth of July the combination was located at Cochransburg, a large city in one of the southern New York counties. A \$300 purse was offered for 2:24 trotters and Freehold was entered. A good many horsemen knew Morton as a trickster, but even they accepted the story of his having developed one of his brother's farm bred horses, and never suspected an imposition. The races drew a big crowd to the fair grounds and betting was brisk. Morton and Albright got together over \$400 and played their horse for every cent. Morton did the driving and in the first two heats "made out" for him to act unruly, and he finished among the tailenders. In the next three heats he did not tease the horse, but let him come through by a roundabout way, beating the country nags in 2:28½, 2:28¾ and 2:30½. The two owners collected their winnings, which amount-

ed, including the purse, to \$1,200, and without celebrating quietly left town by the road the same night.

On the road both men decided that they had found a very good horse and could win easily in most any company.

"If I'd a known he had any such speed left, we'd better have started him straight," said Albright.

"Too late now," said Morton. "In the future I'll drive all the heats to win to avoid risk, and we'll turn over a new leaf and be square since we're in such luck."

"It's a pity we changed his name," reiterated Albright.

There was a meeting at Spencerville, twenty miles from Cochransburg, the week following, so Freehold was headed there and started in the 2:25 class. The owners got some good bets down and Morton drove a clean race in each heat, winning the three easily in 2:28½, 2:28¼, 2:29¼. That night Albright and Morton left town a thousand dollars to the good.

Freehold began to be noticed in the papers, so his owners decided to "lie by" for a time, so they waited until the middle of August and started him in the 2:25 class at a meeting at Clearwater, N. Y.

Morton kept to his resolve to be square and had to drive out to win, a big bay gelding from Pennsylvania called Red Jacket, pressing him closely in each heat, which Freehold won in 2:26, 2:24½, 2:23¾. The owners cleaned up about \$800 besides the \$200 purse. Morton was for shipping back to the farm for the winter, but Albright dissuaded him, saying, "Now since we're racing square danger is past," and his cupidity knew no bounds.

Besides, an enterprising secretary from the big Labor Day meeting at Derrstown, Pa., had gotten Red Jacket's entry for his 2:23 class, and offered free transportation if Albright and Morton would ship their "great green trotter, "Freehold." The horse was shipped and rested until the Labor Day race, "which promised to be a most exciting contest," so the country papers stated. The enterprising secretary worked up a lot of local interest and crowds of home sports watched the Pennsylvania and York State horses every time they came out to be jogged.

Labor Day dawned bright and clear and an unusually large crowd was at the track. The feature was the 2:23 trot, purse \$300, the entries including, so the card read: Freehold, ch. g., Albright & Morton, Hillside, N. Y. Red Jacket, b. g., Elmer Dubs, Lycoming, Pa. Foster Dawson, bl. h., J. C. Smith, Beck's Siding, Pa. Monkey Charlie, r. g., A. White, Carlstadt, N. J. Indian Girl, ch. m., Oscar Griem, Middle Creek, Pa.; Bobbie Good, ch. h., T. Burkhardt, Allentown, Pa. Betting was lively and Morton and Albright put a thousand dollars on the result. Red Jacket's owner had a thousand in the pools also, and swore he'd win the race, even if his horse fell dead in the effort.

In the grandstand sat a young girl named Mrs. Sebring. She had lately been married and moved to Derrstown from the western part of the state. With her were her husband and her uncle who was spending Labor Day with them. As the horses were driven past one by one to the starting post for the "big race," there was great cheering from the spectators. Indian Girl was owned near Derrstown and came in for most of the applause, while the betting contingent vented their lungs on Red Jacket and Freehold.

"That horse looks exactly like our old Prairie King," said Mrs. Sebring, as Freehold jogged by. "He has the same three white feet and pink nose, and dandy mane and tail; we sold him last fall after father died."

Then she turned to the program and read, "Freehold, chestnut gelding, Albright & Morton, owners."

The first heat was exciting from start to finish. Before they had gone an eighth of a mile all but Freehold and Red Jacket were hopelessly beaten, and the pair raced side by side until the last quarter when Freehold forged ahead and without a touch from the whip or a word won in the fast time of 2:19.

"Trots the same as Prairie King," said Mrs. Sebring, quietly. "I swear it's him; he had a record of 2:11."

Her uncle overheard these words and said, "Clara, if you are sure that's Prairie King, it's your duty to inform the officials; it is a serious offense to enter a horse under a different name."

When the horses came out for the second heat, Mrs. Sebring placed herself by the fence that separated the spectators from the track, to observe more closely. Red Jacket passed by, looking badly after his last race, and soon Freehold emerged, stepping as gaily as if nothing had happened.

"It's Prairie King, it's Prairie King, his name's not Freehold," fairly shouted Mrs. Sebring as he went by.

Several men heard her and questioned her and soon a small crowd had collected around listening to her story. Just then the race started and Freehold was again making a runaway race of it. Down the stretch he

came alone and crossed the wire, duplicating his record of 2:19. Amid the cheers several men ran to the judge's stand—

"Freehold's a ringer," they shouted. "His name's Prairie King, and he's got a mark of eleven." Mrs. Sebring herself was half dragged to the stand to personally substantiate the charges, and her husband and uncle, seeing her predicament, followed closely behind. Someone grabbed Freehold by the bridle and would not let him be driven to the stable, and Morton was pushed out of the sulky by angry men.

Elmer Dubs, owner of Red Jacket, was shouting, "I want my rights" and pandemonium reigned. A visiting pickpocket reaped a harvest among the frenzied yokels. A boy ran up in the judge's stand and blew a bugle, while a judge reached over his shoulder and told the crowd to be quiet.

Then the president of the driving club announced that a grave fraud had been perpetrated; that Freehold was Prairie King, 2:11¼, and the two heats were given to Red Jacket and all bets off. From below Zekey Morton screamed a protest, but was hit over the head with a beer bottle, and knocked down and trampled on by the mob.

Freehold, or Prairie King, got loose and galloped down the track into the stable yard. Mrs. Sebring was being congratulated on all sides.

Soon the cry went up, "Where's the ringer's other owner?" But Albright was among the missing. Already he was on a trolley car bound for the next town, a decidedly wiser and sadder scallywag.

OLD RIGHTER'S GHOST.

NEARLY seventeen years have passed since the mysterious death of this old German, but the eye-witnesses of the phenomena leading up to the event still live, and vividly recall the occurrence.

Down in the Black Hollow, which lies between Sugar and Nippenose Valleys, stands a square frame house. It is now deserted, and time and neglect have reduced it to the most dilapidated condition. All the whitewash has gone, the windows have been removed, and but one chimney points menacingly to the solemn sky. A few peach trees in the kitchen garden still yield fruit, which brings the small boys of the adjacent clearings (but always in midday) to wander about the tenantless place.

Some years ago, on one of my rambles among the wilds, I happened upon this ancient house. I noted its superiority to the farmhouses of the locality, and wondered why it stood deserted. The house seemed extremely habitable, the rooms being large, with open fireplaces, and the barn, which had been burned, to judge from the dimensions of the foundations, was equal to anything in the river bottom. When I reached McElhattan I eagerly inquired and was told the history of the Michael farm.

In 1886 considerable lumbering operations were being carried on by Lock Haven parties in the hollow and a crew of seven or eight men, who were skidding logs, building slides and shanties, were boarding that winter at the farmhouse. In addition to these woodsmen and the family of the farmer, there was an aged German named Righter. Whether he was a relative of

the family, a dependent, or merely a paid boarder, the woodsmen never learned. But for some reason he enjoyed unusual privileges, his peculiarities being encouraged, it was thought, by the tolerance in which they were held. This old German was said to have a haunted mind, and it was impossible for him to sleep at night, the very approach of dusk sending him off into indescribable fits of terror and fear. Every evening six large kerosene lamps were placed in his bedroom, over the "back kitchen," and all night long he would walk up and down the room, sometimes crying piteously. But at sunrise he would throw open the shutters, extinguish the lamps, and lie down for a comfortable sleep which would last pretty nearly all day. He apparently came down stairs but for one meal, which was toward sundown, but the family left loaves of bread and crocks of milk in his room when he retired for his nocturnal struggles. Several woodsmen who slept below in the kitchen complained that his tramping and wailing kept them awake, but the farmer gave them the alternative of enduring it or leaving. He said his family had "gotten used to it and others could too." Who this old man was, where he came from, and what ailed him was an unceasingly interesting topic of conversation among the naturally curious woodsmen. They tried to engage him in conversation, but could not even learn his first name. "Righter's my name," was all he would say.

When the first shadows would creep into the corners of the kitchen where this odd German spent his afternoons, he would jump up from his chair and cry, "light der lamps, light der lamps." The children, who were well trained, would run up stairs and illuminate his room and close the shutters, then, preceded by a boy carrying a lighted candle, he would climb up the narrow,

rickety stairs, lock and bolt his door, and commence his nightly tramp, tramp. This kept up all winter long, until one evening in the month of April, at seven o'clock a piercing shriek was heard from old Righter's room. The woodsmen, who were all in the kitchen, having just finished supper, ran up the back stairs to the room, and finding the door locked, pounded on it vigorously.

Then a child's voice was heard from below, "Here comes Daddy Righter now," and the sound of feet could be heard on the front stairs. Some of the men rushed down stairs again and toward the front door, while others continued battering down the door to the recluse's room.

Those who came down saw a remarkable sight, for with leisurely tread, Righter could be seen coming down the front stairs, a smile playing over his distorted features. The men looked at him aghast. He slowly opened the front door and walked across the yard to the front gate, leaving his footprints on the soft, muddy path. When the men recovered from their fright, they made after him, but he had vanished in the semi-darkness. In the meantime the door of the bedroom had been broken in, and lying on the bed was found the lifeless body of old Righter, with an indescribably sweet smile upon his distorted face.

THE MOUNTAIN SOLDIER'S PRESENTIMENT.

WE were in the little churchyard at Rebersburg, John Dice and I, and he was pointing out to me the last resting places of some of his old friends, noted hunters and woodsmen, and the graves as well of the soldiers who went to the front from Brush Valley in the Civil War. In a corner of the cemetery was a modest stone, blackened by weather and moss, and on the grave was a small linen American flag that had been placed there the last Decoration Day, with the colors almost washed out beyond recognition. On the stone was the inscription "Eli Aurand, Private Co. G., 200th Pa. Vols. 1840-1862." Old John Dice called my attention to the stone, remarking that the poor young soldier's life had been needlessly sacrificed, if only his power of second sight had been consistent with military discipline.

"It happened this way," he said. "It was before dawn on the morning of the first day of Fredericksburg, and a heavy black mist hung over the campgrounds, that Eli Aurand was awakened with a terrific start, and the realization that he was to meet his death within a few hours. He was a mountain boy, who had married young, and whose patriotism had made him enlist in defense of his country, even though he had to leave his wife and two little children at home. After awakening, instead of the impression of immediate disaster diminishing as is generally the case, the idea became clearer and clearer in his mind, and each minute made him more positive of his doom. He spoke to his closest friends in the company as they were washing, John Casher, John Askey and Sam McCloskey, and with their native superstition they advised him to obey the

'token' and keep out of the firing for that day, if possible.

"Eli Aurand had everything to live for—at least so it seemed to his viewpoint. He thought of his wife—only twenty years of age—with her black eyes and pale sweet face; of his little boy, Wilbur, and his little girl, Lizzie; of his farm, which he had been working so hard to clear; of his house that he intended to paint on his first furlough, and could see it in his mind—the square structure built of unplanned hemlock boards, stained black by the elements, with the young orchard in the rear, where the afternoon sun shone so brightly; and the stable with the big raw-boned workhorse, and the three pairs of buckhorns and a panther's skull, relics of his marksmanship, which hung in the harness room; of the high mountains, where he could always get work in the lumber camps. It was all too real and beautiful to leave just yet, and while he had been 'converted,' the authorities differed too much about the future life to make it desirable as an abode just yet. His comrades hurriedly told him of a dozen instances where portends of death had come true. Aided by his own strong instinct, he said: 'I'm going to see the officer, I know he'll let me off when he hears my story.' Eli had never known what fear was, in the lumber woods or as a hunter, and could not conceive of such an idea of being suspected of cowardice.

"When he got to the officer's tent, he asked the orderly to grant him a few words with the officer. The company's regular captain had died in the hospital a week before, and it was under the temporary command of a lieutenant—a tall, slim fellow, with a pale, yellow mustache and goatee, a recent graduate of a New York military school. Eli Aurand stood outside awaiting him,

with the damp, drizzly fog outlining his blue uniform against the sombre gray of the atmosphere. Soon the officer appeared, and the young private told him his story. The officer's eyes flashed with anger. 'Nonsensical, ridiculous, won't hear of such a thing. Go do your duty like the rest of them.' And without another word, slipped back into the warm confines of his tent.

"There was nothing to do but submit, so Eli went back to his old friends, and told them that it was no use, and even as he spoke the weight of his doom seemed to crush him more than ever. Pretty soon the company was ordered to take its place at a stone row back of an old rail fence, and they moved forward with the unconcern of brave men. When they had reached the stone row and were about to take their positions, Aurand turned and approached the lieutenant, and said with a firm voice, 'Let me off for this morning, sir, for the sake of those at home.' The officer turned on him as if to stick him with his sabre. So he quickly made for his place, and as he started kneeling, a Confederate sharpshooter's bullet pierced his body. 'God help my wife and little children,' cried Eli, as he rolled over on his back, and lay dead among the rocks and brambles."

GRANNY MYERS'S CURSE.

THAT belief in witchcraft still exists in the United States cannot be denied, as the newspapers every now and then print accounts of doings of alleged witches in remote parts of the country. But nowhere does it flourish and its teaching defy the advance of modern enlightenment to such an extent as in the mountains of Central Pennsylvania.

A typical case of Pennsylvania witchcraft is that of an old Swiss, Christ by name, who tills a sixty-acre farm on a bleak mountain top along what is known as the "Pine Road," that runs from Jersey Shore to Loganton. His house stands back a hundred yards from the road. The original structure was built of logs, but as more prosperous days ensued, a frame mansion was "tacked" on the less imposing log cabin.

Not another house can be seen from the windows, which look over a dreary expanse of fire-swept summits, "slashings" and abandoned clearings. The gable of the large barn, standing between the road and the house, is covered with bear paws, nailed in disorderly profusion. Several sets of buckhorns adorn the slanting roof of the nearby corncrib.

With such surroundings, it is not surprising that people become easy prey to mental vagaries, and live in terror of persons possessing supposed supernatural powers.

Formerly Christ had his brother, Michael, whose house was two miles up a secluded hemlock hollow, for "next door" neighbor, but alleged spirit rapping and apparitions, culminating in the suicide of an old man named Righter, who made his home with the family,

caused Mike to move to a farm nearer town and neighbors.

At present, Christ's nearest neighbors are the family of an old woman whom we shall call Granny Myers, reputed among the mountaineers as a witch, and famed for the potency of her spells, who lived in a windowless shanty three miles away.

One Fall, about ten years ago, some of Christ's cattle broke into the Myers buckwheat field, and one was mysteriously shot. Threats of criminal prosecution were made, until one night Granny Myers strode into Christ's kitchen, and, in the presence of several witnesses, cursed the farmer, his wife and daughter in these words: "Christ, you shall shrivel to death with rheumatics, your woman shall develop a cancer, and your daughter shall cough up blood until she fades away." Then she went out, slamming the door after her, leaving the Christs in a state of nervous collapse.

Several months passed by; it was the month of February, the Pine Road was deep in snow and not even a shingle sled could navigate, but a little thing like this could not daunt old John Dice, the witch doctor from the river bottom, who, clad in his familiar coat of Confederate gray, knee deep in slush, was bound for a vendue in the east end of Sugar Valley.

As he passed the Christ farm, a withered figure hobbled to the fence, and waved his hand at him. "Shon, come here," he called. "My woman is dying mit der cancer, my girl is coughing up blood and I'm dying mit der rheumatics."

The witch doctor climbed the gate and followed the the farmer to his house. Mrs. Christ, complaining of terrible pains in her side, lay moaning on a sofa, and the

nineteen-year-old daughter, worn almost to a skeleton, dragged herself about the house, coughing every few minutes.

"Granny Myers done it," was all they would say. The witch doctor, who understood the trouble at a glance, promised to have the spell removed within the week, and before an hour was at the hut of the alleged witch.

On his way, in a snow covered lot, he noticed four miserable horses huddled together, protecting themselves as best they could from the cruel Winter wind. All told they had but two eyes and one good tail among them, these cast-offs from the dispersal sale of the Williamsport Traction Company—now operated by trolley.

Granny Myers, a tall, rawboned woman with a long nose and enormous hands, was smoking her clay pipe by the stove, when her old enemy, who never knocked, came in, shaking the snow from his boots.

"Go over to Christ's and tell them you have taken that spell off, or, mark my word, it's now Friday, by next Monday your four horses will be dead, and you will follow them."

That was all John Dice said before he resumed his tramp to the vendue. The next Monday, true to his promise he appeared at Granny Myers's door, a scythe and a poleaxe, purchased at the vendue, slung over his massive shoulders. Granny heard his footsteps and was on hand to meet him.

"You old deil," said she, "meh crowbaitis are all four dead, and I was to Christ's a'yesterday."

When the witch doctor revisited the Christ kitchen a vastly different scene met his eyes. Christ, humming to himself, was mending a rocking-chair; his smiling wife lifting a heavy kettle from the stove, while his buxom daughter was setting the tea table.

"Von't you stay to supper, Shon?" said Christ, "the old hex's taken off the spell, an' we're ahl well again."

WITCHRAFT VS. MOTHER-IN-LAW.

GRANNY MYERS had a daughter who was "mahried" to Jakey Welshans, a small storekeeper in the German Settlement. The old woman would tie up her bundle and wend her way over the hills and make protracted visits to her daughter, often lasting a year at a time, much to the disgust of Jakey. On one of these visits, when she had created turmoil among the Welshans for eleven months and showed no signs of going home, Jakey hit upon the scheme of enlisting the aid of John Dice in ridding his household of the disturbing mother-in-law. So one day he met John, who was electioneering for a Republican candidate (John is a Democrat), and told him of his unhappy predicament. "Der old voman is awful scaret of you, Shon, ever since you kilt them horses on her, and, if you tell her somthin' bad may come to her, she'll light oud preddy quick."

"All right," said John, "let's tend to her case now."

"Der old voman is a great lisdener, Shon," continued Jakey, "and if you talks kinder loud on der porch, she'll be peekin' through der keyhole." Arriving at the Welshans' store, they walked around to the side porch, ostensibly to give John a drink from the well. A hasty glance through the kitchen window showed Granny Myers standing inside the closed kitchen door.

"I'm down on that infernal mother-in-law of yours," said John in his loudest tones, "and she'd better be going home soon or——"

Oh, don't talk like dot, Shon, she's a loafly voman," interposed son-in-law Jakey.

"I mean what I say," said John, "I have no use

for that old hex, and she'd better clear out, for if she doesn't, her blood will dry in her viens and she'll die standing up." Then John got his drink of well water and resumed his electioneering for the Republican candidate. But his words had their effect. At the dinner table that day Granny said she "thought it was time to go home." All prevailed upon her to stay, even the children, but with no avail. At half past four the next morning she came downstairs with her bundles and started on her ten-mile walk across the mountains. And to this day Granny Myers has never revisited the German Settlement.

THE HAUNTED TAVERN.

AT the approach of evening a heavy fog arose, making the navigation of the timber rafts a difficulty in the "big river." The mountainous shores were completely veiled from sight, as were even the lights in the cottage windows of Liverpool. Big rain drops pattered, waves washed over the rafts, and the logs creaked and slapped in the uncertain current.

The steersmen lit their watch-lights and called aloud their warnings to prevent collisions, and vainly looked about for places of refuge until morning.

On a raft of spars bound for Marietta, were two brothers, Jacob and Richie Vail, who, although they had been rivermen all their lives, were a trifle apprehensive on this occasion. The current and fog had forced them close to shore, and as they beat around for a comfortable eddy, they noticed a big building loom out through the darkness on a neck of land which ran out into the river. To this they steered, made fast, and abandoned the raft for the night. No lights shone in the barred windows of this house, but nevertheless the brothers knocked at the door. To their surprise it was instantly opened by a young woman, who, as she stood there shading the candle with her hand, produced an impression on them which they never forgot. Of medium height, with straight, black hair and pallid face, she had one pale blue eye, while the other was brown. Her countenance was withal peculiarly attractive. When she heard their predicament, she invited them in, explaining that her house was a raftmen's tavern.

Richie, who was somewhat of a "ladies' man," inquired if she had a male companion in the enterprise,

to which the young woman replied she had been alone since her husband died, two years since.

After supper, Jacob, feeling very tired, asked to be shown his room, while Richie declared he would like to "keep company" with the young widow by the fireside.

The room in which Jacob was domiciled for the night was of large size, and the one chair, washstand, and long-legged bed seemed diminutive in comparison. There was no loft above, and the square-hewed rafters and arched roof, through which the rain leaked, was like the haymow of a barn rather than a bedroom.

The woman handed him her candle, said good-night, and as he undressed, he could hear the buzz of her conversation with Richie. He blew out the candle and climbed into the long-legged bed, and covered himself with two or three patchwork quilts, in preparation for the much needed sleep. But in less than five minutes he was rudely disturbed. First one quilt, then the second, then the third was pulled from him by unseen hands, and thrown in a heap in the furthest corner of the room. He looked up, thinking it some joke of Richie's, but could see no one. He jumped from the bed, got the comforters and re-covered himself, only to have them seized again. A third time he regained his coverings, and held on to them with his stoutest grip, but was powerless to prevent their removal. He ran over to the washstand and groped about for matches to light his candle, but there were none to be found. As he started for the door to call for help unseen hands hurled him across the room, where he struck the wall with a terrific thud. The more he struggled, the more he was forced against the wall, as if held there by a hurricane. His clothes were thrown from the chair and lay in disorder on the floor, and in his helplessness his watch was

lifted from under the pillow and he could hear the crystal shatter as it smashed against the rafters. His cries for help brought Richie and the woman to the door, but they were unable to open it, although there was no key in the lock. They hammered and banged on the door, while poor Jacob was held tight by his invisible tormenter. Suddenly the door flew open, Richie and his companion were hurled upon the floor, Jacob fell in a limp mass, and the comforters whisked across the room and readjusted themselves upon the bed. Richie's lantern was extinguished in the excitement, but all hands found their way to the stairs and fled from the bewitched apartment. Once downstairs, the woman tried her utmost to coax the raftsmen to remain, promising them better quarters, but they cursed the tavern and its devilish occupants, and in the uncertain haze of dawn hurried to the water's edge and loosened the raft from its moorings.

At their next stop they met a gang of raftsmen who laughed when informed of the awful night's experience. "Why, that's the 'haunted' tavern," they explained. "That woman's husband, two raftsmen and an Irishman were murdered in that room at a dance two years ago, and from that time there's been some hellish happenings in that big room under the roof, and it's pretty certain that one night is all you'll want to spend in it."

The unsavory reputation of the log tavern spread to the entire rafting fraternity, and the odd-eyed young woman was forced to abandon the premises for lack of custom. For a number of years the structure was unoccupied, and latterly was used for a cow stable, until the '89 flood carried it away.

FANNY HEDDEN'S HOTEL.

TO anyone finding himself with a spare day on his hands, and the ability of getting to Watsontown, there is no pleasanter way of putting in that day than to drive through the beautiful valley to McEwansville, Turbotville and Washingtonville.

It was my privilege to have taken this drive one sunshiny April morning, just when the pale green leaves and vari-colored blossoms were budding forth, and the air was sweet with the odor of the grass. Myriads of robins, bluebirds and meadow larks were warbling in the brushwoods, and the roosters by the roadside gave vent to their Spring-rejuvenated crowing. The ducks were taking their first swim in the brown, muddy mill ponds.

The broad farming valley stretched out like an English landscape, the cultivated fields alternating with groves of stately oaks or hickories, and dotted here and there were the substantial white farmhouses, in whose front yards flourished the tall but alien Norway spruces.

Quiet reigned in the streets of McEwansville, with its tall spired gothic churches, and rows of little stores, with show windows of small paned glass. And likewise in Turbotville were the streets deserted, except at the huge white public house, where several idlers sat on the porch in the morning sun, waiting for some stranger to treat them to their favorite drinks. We passed the scene of a recent conflagration, where one-third of the peaceful old-fashioned street, and the friendly shade trees, had been swept away by the uncontrollable flames. New frame houses were being erected, but they were narrow and shallow, painted yellow and blue, in unfav-

orable contrast to the low-roofed comfortable dwellings they pretended to replace.

Once more out in the country, we followed the winding turnpike, over bridges which rattled as we crossed, by ancient cemeteries, with gothic monuments and decaying cedar trees, and past fields sprouting with lawn-like wheat. And when we crossed a little stream, whose bed was shaded by untrimmed willow trees, we found ourselves in another village of the past, Washingtonville.

The little white houses stood flush upon the street, which led up to a hill crowned by several good sized churches. In the center of the town was "Fanny Hedden's Hotel," built, like the other structures, close upon the road, but differing from them in having two tiers of balcony-like porches, where guests could sit and watch the doings of the town and wait for fresh travelers to arrive. Before this old-time hostelry we stopped. A half-grown stable boy held our horse, while a thickset young man ran out and greeted us obsequiously with a decided British accent, as you would expect to be met with in the taverns we read about in rural England. But when the stable boy addressed him as Mr. Herzog, I knew it was only a case of the adaptability of the Pennsylvania Dutchman who had lived in foreign lands.

We were ushered into the low ceilinged office, the walls of which I was surprised to find covered with old colored prints depicting scenes in American sporting and political life as it was sixty years ago. And there was one print which was evidently not American—"King William at the Battle of the Boyne."

While we registered, a country boy came in and tacked up dodgers which announced a "Dance at Jer-

seytown, Friday night," and I sincerely wished I could remain long enough to attend this function. I made the country gallant's acquaintance, and he showed me a strange medal or button he had found the day previous while helping demolish an old house. Apparently of silver, the size of a modern dollar, the medal had a head of Washington in the center, with the motto, "We uphold our President," beneath, and around the edges were the letters, V., M., N. Y., C., R. I., N. J., N. H., D., M., V., N. C., S. C., G., which I interpreted to be the initials of the thirteen original states. There were two small holes in the center which inclined me to believe this curious relic had been used as a button. "I wouldn't take a dollar for it," said the country boy as he went away.

Dinner was quickly prepared and we ascended the narrow stairway to the dining room. At the door we were met by a smiling old woman, Fanny Hedden herself, who confesses eighty years, but looks and acts thirty years younger. The dining room was a spacious apartment, the long windows and high ceilings being a decided change from the low rooms on the ground floor. In a corner was a walnut sideboard of antique design, and the walls were decorated by five or six engravings of Biblical scenes. The table was lavishly set with every conceivable variety of preserves and relishes, and by our plates were tall cut-glass goblets. Mrs. Hedden and her grandson, for such the young landlord proved to be, both apologized for their inability to provide for us properly, which inability we failed to see. While her grandson was filling our glasses with sparkling home-made wine, which he proudly declared "was made of the grapes from the arbor on the back porch," we commented on the Biblical engravings which were on the walls. Mrs.

Hedden, noticing that we were interested in curiosities, hurried from the room and brought in a woven basket of immense dimensions which she said was made by her grandmother, and was over a hundred and fifty years old. "And it's as good as ever," said the old woman, as she poured the contents of the ice water pitcher into the basket, which did not leak a drop.

After finishing the appetizing repast we were conducted to the parlor "to see some more old pictures," as Mrs. Hedden expressed it. In the parlor I noticed a Canadian scene, which led me to suspect that it was in that country Mr. Herzog acquired his English manner of speaking. But most remarkable of all, three life-size portraits of handsome women, two blondes and one brunette, in the décolleté garb of 1860, hung in this room, but Mrs. Hedden could give no clue as to the identity of the persons they represented, as she had "bought them at a bargain from a retired boarding house keeper in Philadelphia, Centennial year." As the classic faces of these long-forgotten charmers smiled from the tarnished frames, I wondered where the originals could be, whether living or dead, after the long lapse of years!

After inspecting the various bedrooms, in one of which we found engravings of nymphs and shepherdesses evidently dating back to the Eighteenth century, and expressing our satisfaction at the courteous treatment accorded us, we ordered our horse and buggy, and after paying our bill, sped away toward the deer park of Congressman Billmeyer, which is not a mile distant from Fanny Hedden's Hotel.

THE GHOST WALK.

IN a dilapidated log farmhouse in the White Deer Valley resides an aged hermit, whose Scotch-Irish name I shall slightly alter, as he is still living, and call him Daniel McKean. Fifty-two years ago he was the dashing son of one of the most prosperous farmers of the valley, but now, alone and friendless, he ekes out an existence from his deteriorated farm land.

A kindly old man is Daniel McKean, but his mind, long focused on a single thought, has made him an uninteresting companion to the neighboring agriculturists who find him an unresponsive listener to their stories of crops and horses, and guns, and politics. But to a stranger, who will enter into the spirit of the old man, and assent, not differ from his metaphysical imaginings, he is a strange combination of scientific knowledge and illogical stubbornness. With his parents he had moved to his present abode during the year 1846, when the hilly sides of the valley were in timber, and had helped his father and brothers clear a good-sized farm and erect a substantial farmhouse and barns. He was then a stalwart, red-cheeked boy, fond of taking the country girls "to meeting," and the best horseman for miles around.

Back of the red bank-barn, which he aided to build, stood two gigantic white pines. They had been left to shade the watering trough until two young maples the McKeans had planted reached sufficient size, for it is a peculiar fact that the Pennsylvania farmer has a prejudice against the native pines, but will preserve the most miserable maple or pin oak for shade or ornament.

One night the McKean sheep had not come in

from the mountain and Daniel mounted his buckskin stallion, "Jefferson," for all the farmer boys in those days rode stallions, and went in search of them. Far off among the hills he found them, and it was past eleven o'clock when he had them safely corralled in the sheep-yard. He had put his horse away and was going to the house when he noticed a peculiar ball of white light dancing in midair between the two white pines. He stopped to watch the phenomenon, which gradually elongated until it assumed the form of a young girl of supernatural beauty. The spectre remained motionless and seemed to catch the eye of Daniel, who remained transfixed to the spot. Then it slowly walked to one tree, touched it with one hand, and in a moment more resumed the shape of a ball of white light—and disappeared!

Daniel was amazed at what he had seen, but kept it a secret from the family. The next night at the same hour he crept from the house to the watering trough, when the apparition appeared and vanished exactly as the night before..

Night after night, Daniel watched the spot, fascinated by the beauty and mystery of the phantom, until his father demanded the cause of his unseemly conduct. After several stormy scenes, he confessed, much to the indignation of his orthodox parent, who refused to believe the story unless he should see it with his own eyes. He accompanied his son to the ghost walk, but next morning he could not be induced to say whether or not he had seen anything remarkable. But one thing was certain; after breakfast, despite his son's entreaties he chopped down both the grand old pines and ordered them cut into kindling wood. To Daniel this was an act of desecration, and he shed tears as he dragged the shaggy boughs to the brush heap.

When night came he resumed his watch by the stumps, from which the red pitch was oozing like blood. But alas! no phantom appeared. The hours passed wearily, morning came, but everything was matter-of-fact. On each successive night he was in his usual place, but not a ray of hope was in store.

Before a year had elapsed he began to act queerly. He neglected his work, muttered to himself; and thought only of the night, when he could sit on the dug-out water trough waiting for his ghostly love.

Years went by; his parents died, his brothers and sisters moved west, but he remained. His old friends regarded him as crazy and young people coming home from church at night feared to pass him, sitting motionless by the rotting pine stumps.

But loss of friends and reputation could not shake his faith, and to the present time he waits and hopes for the return of his spectre sweetheart.

OLE BULL'S CASTLE.

I LEFT the railroad at the lively little city of Cross Forks, and followed the mountainous valley of Kettle Creek toward the former home of the world-famous violinist, Ole Bull. Here and there neatly fenced farms were sprinkled among the rugged peaks, but as the valley became narrower, and the mountains higher, the scene became one of desolation rather than cultivation.

Very little of the hemlock forests remained, the mills and railroads of Cross Forks having done their share toward desolating the valley. At last, as I came around a bend in the stream, and likewise in the road, I saw before me, on the summit of one of the highest peaks, the jagged ruins of what appear to be a mediaeval castle. The bright August sun glistened on the gray stone walls and parapets, and above all, under the canopy of the cloudless sky soared an eagle in his solemn grandeur. Never, I thought, had the harmonies of nature united themselves better than on the site of Ole Bull's Castle. But there was one element which by some might be thought discordant; on the steep sides of the mountain on which the castle stands worked half a hundred woodsmen, their blue and red shirts in bold relief to the dark green of the hemlock forest they were destroying. The click, click of the axes, the wheezing of the crosscut saws, and the rattle of the cant hooks producing a strange contrast to the otherwise complete stillness of the scene. Returning to the mediaeval simile, one could almost imagine these gaily bedecked woodsmen as the home guard of the lord of the manor, throwing up fortifications on the mountain side to repulse the assault of some hostile force.

The part of the mountain which they had already denuded stood thick with hemlock stumps, peeled clean of their bark, and shining pink-white in the sunlight like rows upon rows of tombstones in the graveyard of the ages. And the freshly peeled glistening logs, piled one on another, in seemingly regular order, reminded one of the coat of mail on the capacious breast of some mighty warrior of the Middle Ages!

I climbed the steep mountain, pausing every few minutes to enjoy the fresh panorama which opened before me, and when I reached the castle grounds, the view stretched in boundless immensity in every direction; range after range of dark green, light green, blue and brown mountains could be seen to the north, the south, the east and the west. Thin white columns of smoke which rose from distant ravines, betokened the presence of steam saw mills.

I could not but admire the taste of Ole Bull in selecting this sublime spot for a mountain home, far from the turmoils of the valley, like the philosopher in Sartor Resartus.

Of the castle itself but three walls remain, the tallest being nearest the precipitous cliff, and from whose windows the occupants could have looked down a sheer descent of five hundred feet to where Kettle Creek winds about like a thred of silver fresh from the smelter. Across the ravine is another mountain, as steep, but not as high as the one on which the castle is located, which rises majestically up with its uneven cliffs and graveyard of hemlock stumps. The ravine is strangely reminiscent of the pictures of the Colorado Canyon we have seen in our geographies, and later on railroad posters, but from what I know of the west, the ravine

of Kettle Creek, at least in Ole Bull's time, was far more beautiful, for what it lacked in depth, was more than recompensed by the dense foliage which grew in a tangle on the rugged sides, a glorious gift of nature which no western landscape can boast.

BOONEVILLE CAMP MEETING.

FOR several days the livery stables of Lock Haven had been wearing an air of great activity. Long rows of newly washed buggies and surreys stood in front of the stables, while hostlers ran about grooming horses, polishing harness and beating lap robes.

If you asked the half-grown colored boy, leading a rawboned caricature of a horse up and down the stable alley, the cause of these extraordinary preparations, he would reply: "Booneville Camp's a Sunday."

Although Booneville is fully fifteen miles from Lock Haven, nearly every member of the population able to hire or borrow a "rig" makes the journey to the Camp Grounds, across the dusty mountain roads.

We entered the "office" of the aforementioned livery stable, a rough board partitioned room, the walls decorated with framed colored prints of three famous horses of the past, Abdallah, George Wilkes and the Byerly Turk, and left our order with our jolly friend, Frank, for "a first-class team" for Sunday morning.

Camp Meeting Sunday proved typical of the month of August. At eight o'clock, when we started, not a breeze was coming from the mountains, and our "first class turn-out" was of the usual description—two long, bony, gray nags, smothered in a profusion of fly nets, hooked to a low-gearred buggy.

Driving along the broad turnpike leading from town to the mountains, we overtook numerous teams bound in the same direction. There were surreys loaded down with stout families and heavy lunch baskets, the horses steaming with perspiration from their unnatural loads; young men driving buggies, accompanied by the inevit-

able "young ladies they kept company with;" half-drunken country sports lashing delivery wagon horses in borrowed carriages, and old ladies in phaetons, going to see the great preacher from New Berlin, each equipage followed by an indescribable canine and a cloud of dust.

We reached the gap in the mountains, where the stony road was cut out of the mountain side, below which a roaring stream flowed, and began a continual ascent for five miles.

Looking back we could see several turnouts already played out, the men walking, the women peering out anxiously, while the perspiring beasts tugged up the hills.

As for the young men with the "young ladies they kept company with," they had stopped in the shade by the springs gurgling from the mountain side, for they certainly were in no hurry!

Here and there we passed a farmhouse or bark peeler's shanty, with empty bark wagons by the road side, but all evidences of habitation missing, everyone having gone to Camp Meeting. Even the cabin of Granny McGill, famed as a witch, was deserted, that worthy woman, too, having joined the band of worshippers for the day.

When the summit was reached, and the rushing stream and slashings left behind, we touched up our horses and flew through a bit of farming country, where the air blew in strong gusts, and sheep grazed by the "stake and rider" fences, and by log farmhouses, with barns decorated with bear paws nailed to the gables.

Again we entered the hemlock forest, following the path of a black creek as far as the Sulphur Springs, where before us lay a view of the beautiful Sugar Val-

ley, cultivated halfway to the summits of the opposite range of hills, from its very center rising the three church spires of Loganton, and down the valley we could make out the little village of Booneville, where the Camp Meeting is held.

The hot sun shines on the slate roof of the Logan House, the only hotel in Loganton, kept by the affable Harry Cole, where we stable our horses and get lunch before going to the camp grounds.

Already a large crowd of mountaineers, old and young, had collected around the hotel to "see the rigs come in." There was "Clem" Herlacher, the local barber, just back from six months as a cowboy in Texas, his jet black hair hanging on his shoulders, his face hidden by a large sombrero, the center of admiration from the country boys. Sam Motter, the relentless hunter, stands by his wagon telling the bystanders how he killed the young bear which lies on the straw in the wagon box. Old John Dice, the witch doctor, at heart an unbeliever in any form of superstition, is recounting miraculous experiences to Tom Miller, pseudo-inventor of a scheme for perpetual motion. Francis Geyer, eighty-one years old, once a Forester for the King of Prussia, is swapping war stories with "Black Headed" Bill Williams, who claims to have originated the first Bucktail Regiment. On a rocking chair on the hotel porch sits Maud, the barmaid, a survival of the ancient custom, who on week days dispenses Muncy Valley whiskey and port wine to thirsty travelers, but today is surrounded by a half a dozen young blonde giants with heavy shoes laced up to their knees, who have come in from a "bark job" on Cherry Run.

The dust on the highways grows thicker as scores of mountaineers from distant settlements drive past the hotel on their way to the camp grounds.

Every conceivable kind of equipage is represented. A big horse harnessed beside a pony, spring wagons with wheels that do not match, reins and bridles of rope, dilapidated carryalls, farm wagons covered with straw and crowded with children, and most wonderful of all, a one-seated carryall with a cradle rocking to and fro in the back, wherein lay a sleeping infant, almost hidden by mosquito netting.

A boy on horseback, the bridle with blinkers and checkrein, stops at the hotel and is immediately swallowed up by the crowd of loungers. He brings news that the livery 'bus from Lock Haven has broken down somewhere in the mountains, about five miles from Loganton, tumbling men and women and precious cases of bottled beer on the roadside. But before one can learn what is to be done for the unfortunates, Elmer Kassetter, the stable boy, has brought out our team from the barn. Our start is just in time to encounter two mountain boys racing their buggies. Crossing a narrow bridge they came together with a crash, spokes, shafts, harness and whips flew in every direction, and the fickle crowd abandoned speculating on a far away breakdown, and rushed down the road en masse to the scene of this fresh disaster. Driving through the bed of the stream, we dodge by the pile of scrap iron and kindling wood, and although blinded and choked by dust and almost wrecked by racing teams, we at last drive down the steep hill into the camp grounds.

Fully five thousand people are assembled in the grove of gigantic hemlocks, either strolling about under

the trees, eating from copious lunch baskets, or listening to the black-bearded preacher from New Berlin whose voice resounds like a sledge and anvil.

A thousand horses, most of them with their heads stuck in feed bags, are tied to trees and fences.

Elk Creek, a limestone stream, has dried up and hundreds of children are playing on its rocky bed.

Country boys, with wide-brimmed straw hats, red neckties and green and yellow barred bicycle stockings, arm in arm with red-cheeked, white-dressed girls, walk unceasingly up and down the avenue in the center of the park. The tintype tent, kept by an old gypsy woman, is surrounded by a laughing crowd, who guy the boys as they come out after having their sweethearts' pictures taken. But the calm of the scene is rudely interrupted by a tow-haired bicyclist, wearing a red jockey cap, and, of course, the green, orange-barred stockings, who, in riding down the hill to the grounds, coasted off the bridge into the dry stream, and crawls up the bank cut and bleeding. A few minutes later the eyes of thousands are turned to a horse which has broken loose, and dragging a buggy, dashes through the grove, ripping off wheels in its way until its wild chase is brought to an end by running into a tree, smashing the buggy to splinters.

And thus the happy Sunday passes, the day gradually softening into night with no signs of the vast concourse departing homeward. Kerosene torches, fastened to the trees, give the woods a weird appearance, the flickering light shining on the strong, pious faces of the worshippers, singing, "I'm on My Way to Zion, I'm on My Journey Home."

Not until a thousand silver watches have noted the hour of ten and the giant, black-bearded minister has pronounced the benediction, does the homeward march begin; the neighing of horses, rattling of wagons, and the roar of joyous voices making a strange contrast to the stillness of the countryside.

Everyone is talking of the events of the day. Everyone is happy. Truly the Sunday at Booneville Camp Meeting is to these people what Christmas, Easter, Birthday, Fourth of July and Derby Day rolled into one would be to us, so important a place does it fill in reckoning the life of the Pennsylvania mountaineer.

THE BALD EAGLE SILVER MINE.

THE legend of a silver mine of fabulous richness hidden somewhere in the Bald Eagle Mountains between Pine and Aughanbaugh stations has had for over fifty years a remarkable fascination for the ne'er-do-wells, soldiers of fortune and "divining rod" men of this section of the country.

Up to thirty years ago, small bands of Indians, claiming residence in the New York State Reservations, were in the habit of camping every Fall at the confluence of Pine Creek and the Susquehanna River, not far from the town of Jersey Shore. Ostensibly there for the selling of beautifully woven baskets and trinkets, the more suspicious of their white neighbors ascribed to them an entirely different purpose, for on dark nights these Indians would hurriedly cross the river in canoes, with lanterns muffled in blankets, and climb up the mountain which rises precipitously from the opposite bank. By the lights they could be followed to the summit, where they kept moving about until daybreak. On several occasions the redskins were shadowed by local busybodies, but were always discovered by the Indians' outposts. Lights would be instantly extinguished, and the Indians would disappear in the darkness, leaving their eavesdroppers more mystified than ever. The whites still held to their belief that it was treasure the Indians were after, as farmers in the upper Pine Creek valley, who had met the savages on their homeward trips to the Reservations, declared that they carried bags of pure silver, which they showed to whites, whom, at rare intervals they took into their confidence, but persistently refused to tell the location of the mines.

One or two Pennsylvanians, who had lumbered near

the Cattaraugus Reservation, in Western New York, met traders from Buffalo, who said they had bought silver from certain Indians who were recognized as having been in the vicinity of the Bald Eagles.

In Lock Haven until recently lived a gentleman of wide culture, who became interested in the fabled silver mine shortly after the Indians had ceased their yearly pilgrimages. His geological knowledge told him that it was possible for pockets of silver to be present on these highlands, so in a spirit of adventure he paid a visit to the Cattaraugus Reservation. After diligent inquiries he learned that of all the Indians who had been to Pennsylvania, but one, an aged squaw, remained. However, she was too feeble to make another journey. By liberal gifts of money, and promises of further rewards, he finally induced this old woman to draw a diagram of the location of the mines, which she described as a cavern which led a hundred feet into the body of the mountain, where progress was barred by walls of the purest silver.

Armed with this map, the Lock Haven would-be Monte Cristo hurried back to the Bald Eagles as fast as the Seashore Express could carry him. Out on the mountain he went, expecting to find the mine in less than a day's search. But disappointment awaited him, though he found the landmarks, a dead yellow pine, and a pile of stones thrown up in pyramid shape. Then he hired two countrymen to aid him, with no better success.

After a month's fruitless search he engaged an engineer and a surveyor from Williamsport, but they, too, failed utterly. Goaded to a point of "do or die," he again visited the Reservation, but in the meantime the old squaw had died, on her deathbed leaving the secret

to her half-breed grandson, Billy Douty. The half-breed was positive he could find the treasure trove, if some one would pay his expenses to Pine, which proposition was gladly accepted by the gentleman from Lock Haven. Billy landed in Pine Station at six o'clock one evening, refused any supper, and made straight for the lower mountain. "Me find before morning, me dead sure," he called back as he cut across lots.

Next morning he was back empty-handed and hungry, but not discouraged. He loaded himself with a stock of provisions and went out to the mountain, remaining night and day in all kinds of weather for three weeks. Occasionally in the stillness of midnight the ring of his pick could be heard far away on the lonely summits. At last his patience gave way, and he abandoned the quest, saying, "River run wrong, Allegheny River run west, Susquehanna run east, me twisted." And to this day the silver mine of the Bald Eagles awaits a rediscoverer.

THE BLACK WOLF OF OAK VALLEY.

THE last time I heard a wolf call on the mountain," said Black-Headed Bill Williams, "was one night in the fall of '63 when I was home on furlough from the army."

We were discussing the passing of panthers, wolves and other animals from Pennsylvania on Bill's spacious porch, which overlooked the Susquehanna Valley with the towering Allegheny mountains far to the north that seemed to be an impenetrable wall between us and the different race of people in York state. On the porch, beside Bill and myself, sat a Methodist preacher in a baby chair four sizes too small, whose expression seemed to denote that he secretly disapproved of everything concerning Bill, except his wife's excellent chicken dinners.

"Yes, it was in the fall of '63, but then wolves have been killed much recenter than that, but not around here—there are too many railroads and hunters. They did kill a queer kind of black wolf over in Oak Valley about fifteen years ago—I was over there cuttin' ties at the time, but I always thought it was more devil than wolf."

"What is that?" said I, who was surprised to find that even with the side-whiskered preacher present we were to hear a spook story.

"Well," said Bill, "there was a feller over in the east end of the valley named Silas Werninger, a lazy cuss, who never cut a cord of wood in his life, and one Saturday night he was at old Tommy Mertz's Hotel in Youngmanstown and got into a row with a couple of old farmers, and before they could stop him he had shot them both—one died—and was on his horse and

off to the mountains. After a couple of weeks he tired of playing 'catamount' and at night used to visit his wife and children, who lived in a log cabin on the outskirts of Jacobsburg. At first people did not like to tell on him, but it leaked out, and a posse surrounded him one morning before daybreak, but his dog gave the alarm and he decided not to come out. The constables then decided to go in after him, and standing in the second story window he riddled two of them with bullets as they were battering down the door with a fresh-cut telegraph pole. Werninger kept up the shooting until his ammunition was exhausted, and then someone in the posse, I think it was Sam Himes, pitched some burning rags through the garret window and set the house on fire. Mrs. Werninger and the two little ones ran out to safety, but Silas shouted he would never be taken alive, and coolly cut his throat with a razor. When he didn't come out, the crowd ran into the burning building and found him lying dead. They were just able to get his body out before the roof fell, and they laid him by the well until the Coroner came. After that was over the question came up of a funeral. The Lutherans had a graveyard and so had the Evangelicals, but there was a kick from both parties about burying a murderer and suicide in 'consecrated' ground, and besides they said that Silas' father was a Jew peddler—so to quiet things down he was buried after night in the center of a grove of white oaks, not far from the road that runs from Jacobsburg to Youngmanstown.

"All was well until the cold weather came on—then the children said they saw a big black shaggy dog hanging around the oak grove, and some young men who were looking for chestnuts one Sunday afternoon saw it and said it wasn't a dog at all, but a big black wolf. The old men at the hotel said there hadn't been

a wolf in these parts for twenty-five years, and the ones they saw were grayish and never black. Finally old Ira Sloppey saw it—he had killed a lot of wolves in Clearfield county before the war—he was positive it was a wolf, but its color was a bit strange. He chased it out of the grove, and hit it several times with stones, he said. He organized a hunting party, and twenty men, mostly young fellows went out to kill the ugly beast.

They found it in the grove.

"It's there to dig up that murderer's body and eat it," said old Ira. Just when they had it surrounded, it darted between the legs of old Ira himself, and twenty muskets and rifles were fired after it as it disappeared into the brush. When the smoke cleared away, it was found that old Ira had been shot through the ankle, and is a cripple to this very day.

That broke up the organized hunt, but several boys took their dogs to the grove, but they would not leave the high road, although their owners beat them soundly and threw them over the fence. Women became so frightened they would not use the road, and several fainted when they saw the monster darting in and out among the trees. The situation became so unpleasant that it was decided that the wolf must be gotten rid of at any cost.

Previously, no thought had been given to a supernatural origin of the "wolf," but one day Sam Himes chased a deer clear over to the Spring Run Ridge, and as he was near the home of the famous witch, Granny Myers, he stopped in and told her the whole story.

"Goshens," said she, "I knew that business all along. That hain't no wolf, you foolish, that's poor Sile Werninger's spook. He hain't been happy since they planted

him in them lonesome woods. If you go back and put him in the Lutheran Cemetery, you'll see no more of that wolf."

Sam Hines dropped the chase then and there, and went back to Jacobsburg. He got the ear of all—even poor crippled Ira Sloppy—at the hotel that night. Nothing was said publicly, but the next morning all that remained of Silas Werninger was dug up and buried beside the body of his mother in the Lutheran Cemetery.

That Saturday night Sam Himes announced he had seen and killed the black wolf just at the edge of the oak grove. For months afterwards old Ira Sloppy would say to him in his knowing way, "When are you going to show me that wolf's scalp? And, remember, you've got to give me half the bounty."

THE MISSING HANDICAP WINNER.

THE Bull markets of 1901 had poured a golden shower into the coffers of Hartman Gregg, and enabled him to realize for the first time in his life the desire to establish a thoroughbred horse-breeding establishment. He had owned for several years a large farm that was less than an hour's ride from Philadelphia, and only lacked the livestock to make his outfit complete. It had always been his idea to have a winner of the \$25,000 Brooklyn Handicap at the head of his farm, and now that he was financially able, set about to find the required animal. He read over the list of winners carefully. There was Ornament, that won in 1898, held at an upset price by a Kentucky breeder; Sir Walter, the 1897 winner, the especial pet of a New York fancier; Howard Mann, the 1896 winner, had died of colic a year after the race; and Hornpipe, winner 1895, had broken down and been shot. Dr. Rice, who won in 1894, was just beginning to win success in the stud, and Fred Foster wouldn't put a price on him. Diabolo, the game campaigner, that won as an aged horse in 1893, was put to producing hunters in Virginia. Judge Morrow, the 1892 winner, who ended his racing career as a successful steeplechaser, had been bought for a long figure by a wealthy New York Breeder, and Castaway II., who won in 1891—no one knew where he was at present—and so when Hartman Gregg found out that one handicap winner had gone a-begging somewhere he decided that this was the horse for him.

He reasoned out that a horse with class enough to win this rich handicap must have qualities that would insure a good progeny—especially as the colts of previous winners like Dry Monopole, Sir Walter, Dr. Rice and

Judge Morrow were beginning to win recognition on the tracks.

He looked up the breeding of old Castaway II., and found him bred to suit the most exact requirements of the time. He was a four-year-old when he won the great race—had run a few times afterwards on the big tracks—went wrong and was sold to a small owner from Guttenberg. The turf guides showed he had run several times in 1894 on an outlaw track at Alexander Island, near Washington. And it was there that Gregg repaired to find him, although after being among the missing for nearly eight years, the chances of finding him seemed very slim.

"The probabilities are he's pulling a dump cart across the Long Bridge, or dozing before a darky hackman's surrey on Pennsylvania Avenue," said a very consoling friend. But Hartman Gregg was undaunted and went his way to Washington. He took the trolley to Alexandria, frequently scanning the hack horses that dragged themselves by the car for a horse which might disclose the lines of a once great thoroughbred. He saw several, but not the right color. They were long and angular, with meagre tails and dilated nostrils, and appeared fully aware of their lowered positions in life.

The conductor showed him where the race track was situated. "We used to carry big crowds out there," he remarked. Gregg looked around for a good place to get out, and spying a livery stable with a fat Irishman sitting outside on a stool, he had the car stopped and alighted. He spoke to the Irishman, who replied politely, and they soon became engaged in a conversation.

"Yes, I mind Castaway II. very well, a good looking horse. They kept him in a stable back of that brick house down the street. His owner lost everything and

skipped, and they sold him for \$56, to pay his feed bill."

"Who got him?" queried Gregg.

"A saddle horse dealer in the city," said the Irishman.

Gregg learned the name of the saddle horse expert and returned to Washington.

At the stable, a tall Southerner in charge said he would look over the books. In a few minutes he came back and said that they had kept the horse a week and resold him for \$75 "to a party that stood close to some big Virginia breeders," and whose stables were not far from the White House.

Gregg walked there and found the dealer, who said he had the horse for six months and no one wanted him, so he put him in an auction and he went for \$25 to a war veteran from Pennsylvania, who was in town for regimental reunion.

That meant that the chase from now on would lie in the country. So Gregg, after learning the veteran's address, left the next day for Pennsylvania. He found himself on the night of the third of July at McConnellsburg, a county seat, and the nearest place of any size to the home of the missing handicap winner's present owner. He asked at the old stone hotel for Joel McKee, and was told he lived eighteen miles north of town on a farm. "But," added the proprietor, "You'll see him in town to-morrow. He always rides his old charger, Castaway, that won the \$25,000 race in New York city, in our Fourth of July parade."

This was, indeed, good news. All the next morning amid the incessant din of the firecrackers, he watched the horsemen riding into the main street. Young boys to old men, colts to decrepid family mares, all manner of

riders and horseflesh; but no horse met his eye that looked like a Brooklyn Handicap winner. At two o'clock the parade began, the horsemen in single file, most of them dressed as Indians, followed by pedestrians, also in fancy garb and a vast throng of spectators. A blind man, led by his small son, who rattled a tin cup with one penny in it, passed by in the crowd; but Gregg was too busy watching for the coveted steed to give him any assistance. After the procession had passed up and down the street a dozen times, he asked the hotelkeeper if he had seen Mr. McKee, or his horse, but was told neither had been in line.

The next morning Gregg was on his way out to the McKee farm in a "livery rig." The driver was a very communicative, red-cheeked country boy, who entertained him with all the gossip of the celebration of yesterday. When they got to the farmhouse, a large log house with a coating of plaster, Gregg got out and went around to the kitchen door. He knocked, and truly he might have been "knocked down by a feather," to use the old expression, when it was opened by the loveliest looking girl he had ever seen.

She was about the medium height, not over five feet five, with a slender, well-formed figure. She had those matchless red cheeks that denote a strain of Scotch-Irish ancestry. Her eyes were round and the shade of fresh spring violets, while the smile that sparkled through her long dark lashes would have captivated the most unimpressible. Clusters of her fine-textured black hair appeared from under her large Yale-blue sun-bonnet. She had just passed her twenty-first birthday and her beauty of face and figure was at its most noticeable point. The young man had not expected to see such

charms in this remote locality; but it is just such a shock that is needed to jolt into being the sparks of love.

"Does Mr. McKee, who owns a horse called Cast-away II., live here?" said Gregg.

"Yes, he lives here, but he's in the field. We killed that horse day before yesterday," timidly replied the smiling young girl, who was Sarah McKee, the veteran's daughter. "You see father was planning to take him into town to ride in the big parade, but a colt kicked the old horse and broke his leg, and we had to shoot him."

Here now was a predicament—the horse he had hunted for weeks was dead—but he had met a very charming young woman, and would have to leave her sooner than he wished. Just then a wiry old man with a gray mustache and broad straw hat came around the corner of the house.

"Father, this is a gentleman from Philadelphia, who came to see poor old Castaway." The young fellow bowed and explained his mission, and was about to add how it had been in vain, when the beautiful Sarah McKee saved the day by saying in her sweetest tones: "Won't you put your horse up and stay for dinner?" And Hartman Gregg put all thought of handicap winners out of his head to enjoy a far more pleasurable realization.

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